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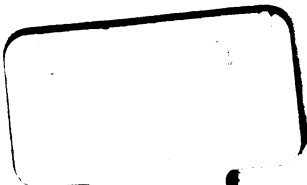
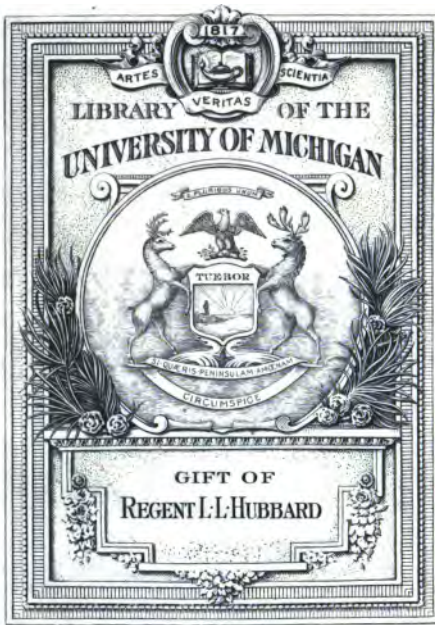
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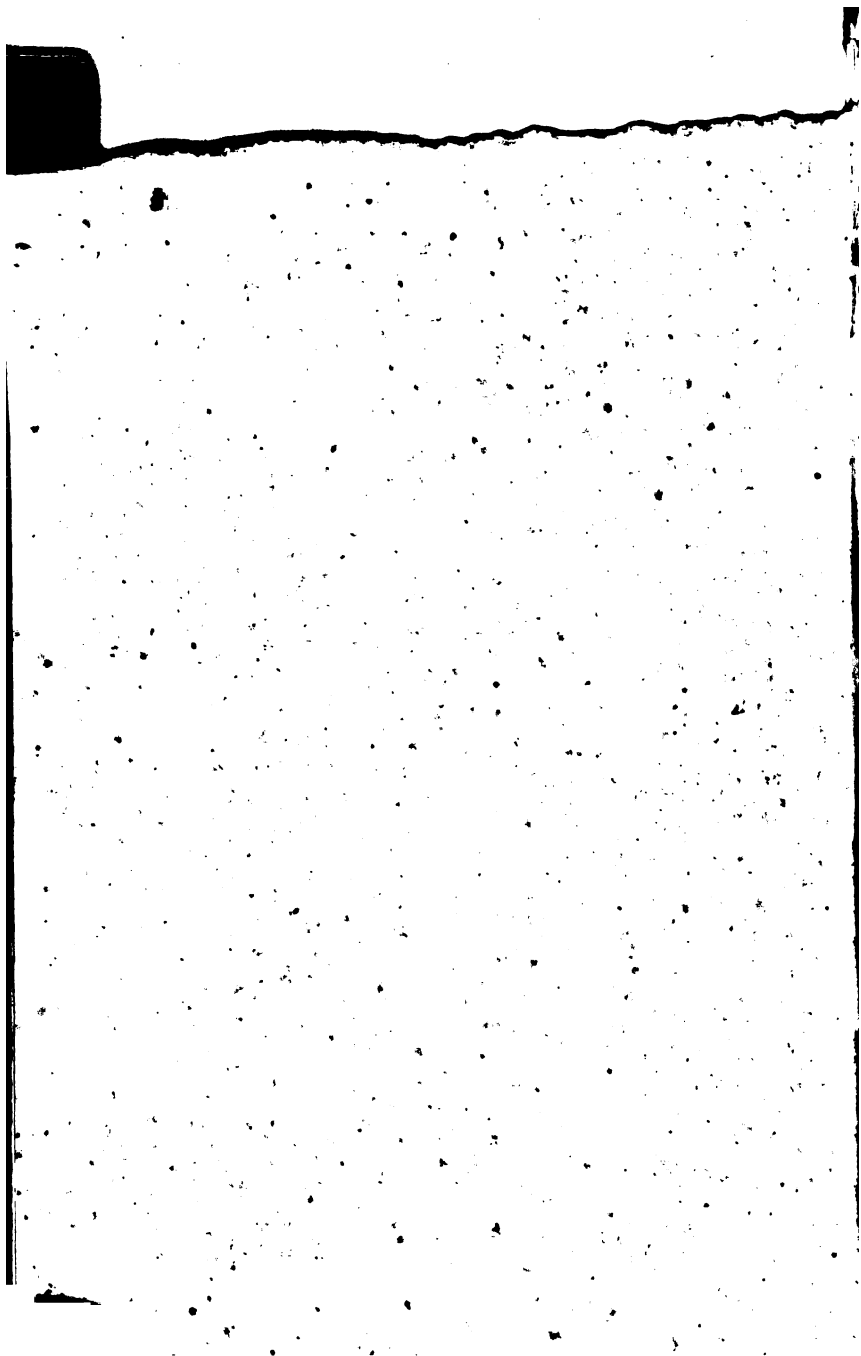
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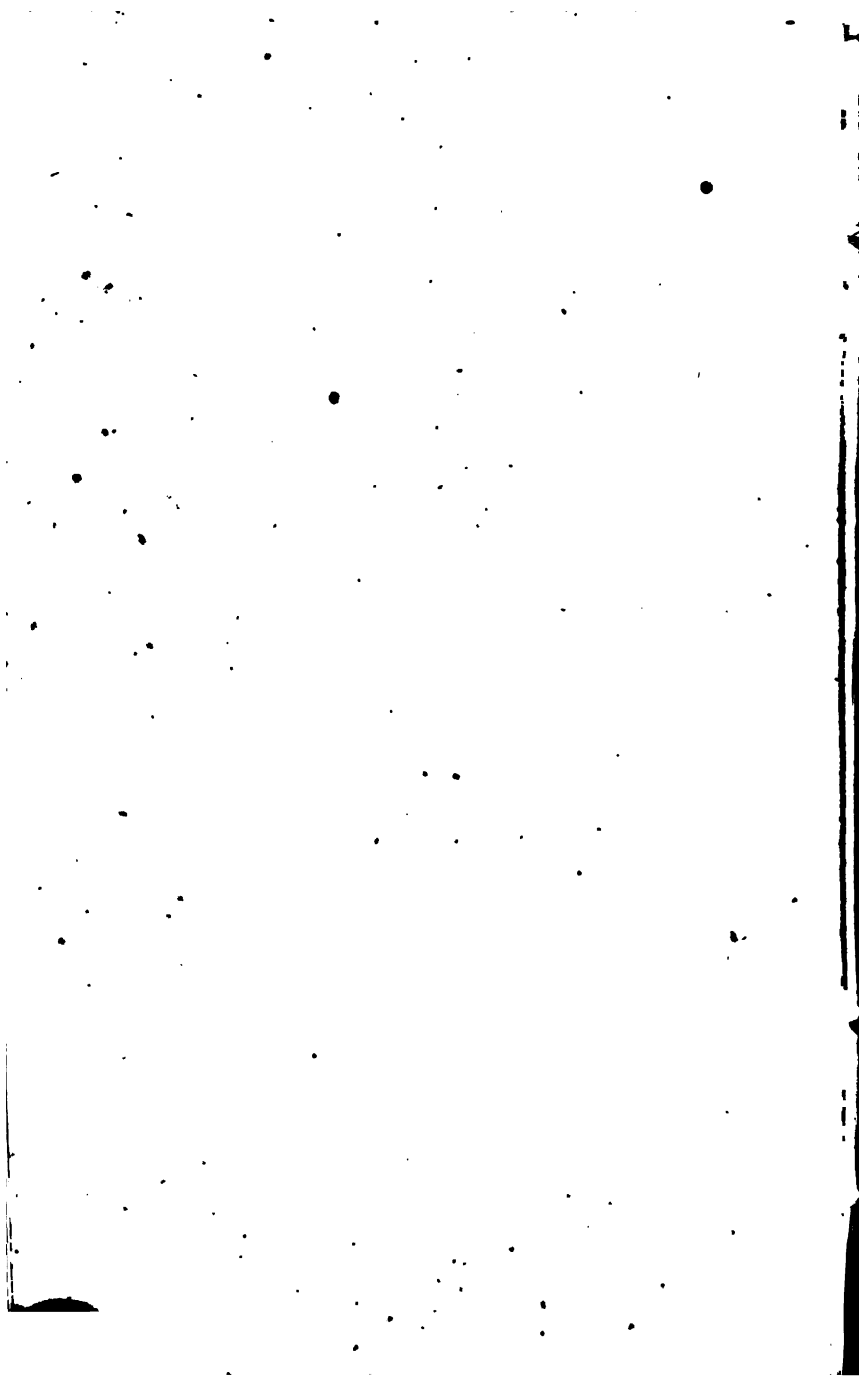


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Allen L. Hurdgett



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THE
TROLLOPIAD;
OR,
TRAVELLING GENTLEMEN
IN
AMERICA.

A SATIRE,

BY NIL ADMIRARI, ESQ.

"How we English folks do cling to our own habits, our own views, our own things, our own people; how, in spite of all our wanderings over the face of the earth, like so many Jews, we never lose our distinct and national individuality; nor fail to lay hold of one another's skirts to laugh at and depreciate all that differs from that country which we delight in forsaking for any and all others."
—*JOURNAL, by Mrs. Butler.*

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DEDICATION

TO
MRS. TROLLOPE.

MADAM,

Permit me to lay my humble offering at your feet. So shall I boast one effort rescued from the tomb. That which is trivial is soon swept down the tide of time and eternally forgotten, but whatever is connected with your name will flourish, though not equally, for ever. I fear that I am presumptuous, yet your gentle spirit will pardon my presuming; for an overweening vanity whispers in my ear that the humblest flower may sometimes be permitted to mingle its blushes with the rose.

02-12-32 MFP

I have been casting my eye over the long train of distinguished characters who have visited the shores of my country, and laid us under an eternal debt, for their opinions on our manners and government. I find there are many, whose profundity of knowledge is only exceeded by their elegance of diction and their chasteness of description. The last of these is the accomplished JULIET, whose *debut* in her new character has been awaited with so intense an interest.—But you, Madam, of all the number, have embellished your work with *designs* which are worthy the conception of a Raphael, and embodied your descriptions in language as pure and as faultless as Irving!

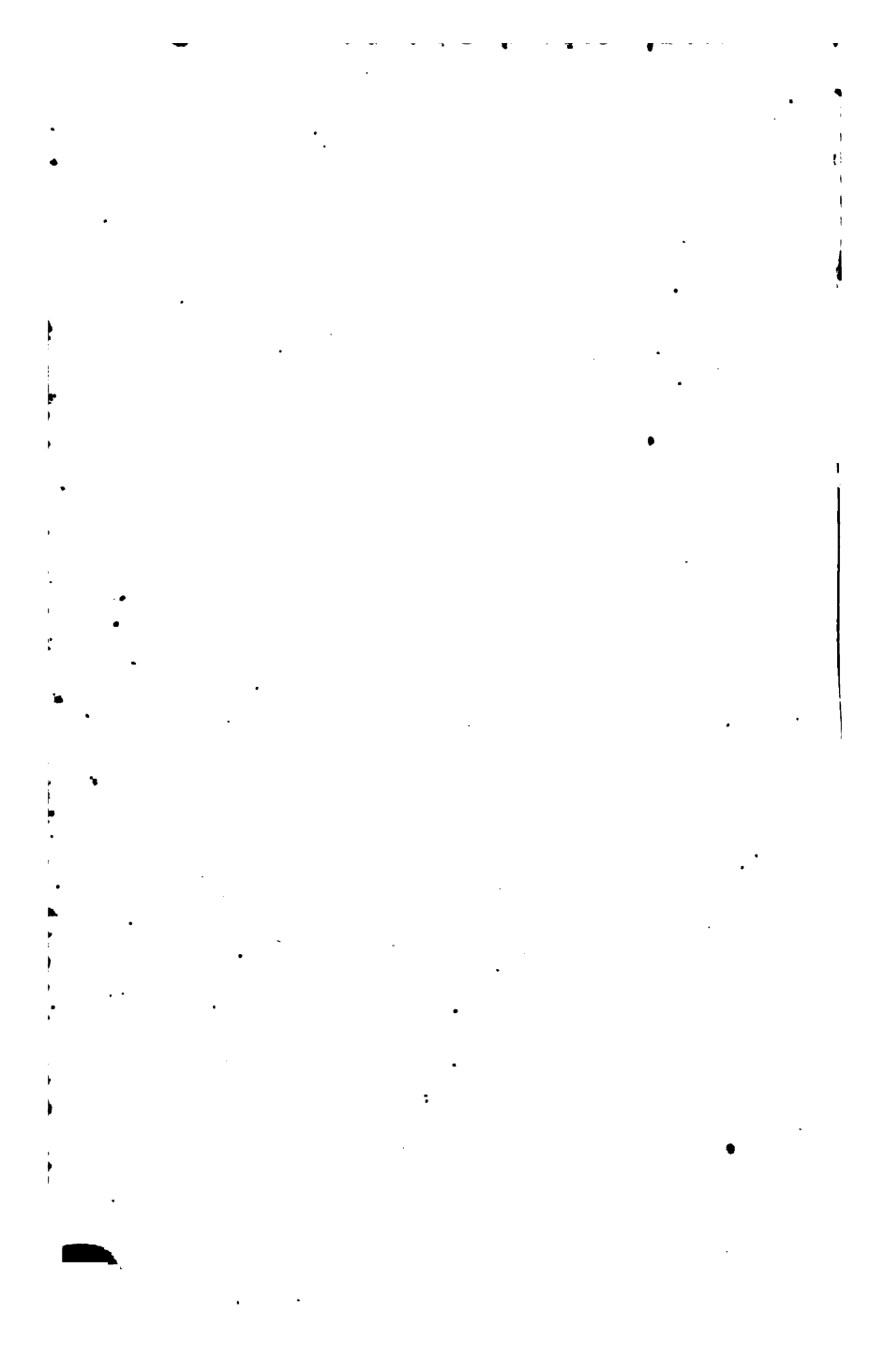
To you, then, whose name is associated with some of the sweetest traits of American character!—and with all that is refined and graceful in the female sex;—to you, whose

heart is exquisitely sensitive to any the least dereliction from propriety; and whose pen portrays, how faithfully! the feelings of the heart;—this little Poem is very affectionately inscribed by one who knows you not, yet knows you; who has seen you not, yet often sees you in imagination; and who is proud to be, dear Madam,

your obliged,

humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

IN books, I hold the etiquette of introduction to be indispensable. It is a polite and proper custom, which has been in vogue from time immemorial, for one who introduces himself into notice to give some previous account of himself, and, if possible, to prepossess the public in his favour. He is thus prevented from dragging them abruptly "in medias res," and perhaps, by a few courteous bows and flourishes, prepares them to listen with equanimity and politeness. Moreover, in the present age of inane scribblings, when the art of composing is a trade,—when authors resolve to write—sometimes if Minerva

be willing, at others "whether or no," and claim the right of periodically thrusting themselves into notice, thereby pushing out a better literature, it is meet that they show just cause of appearance, or failing in the most intrinsic merit, be considered in the light of intruders.

As the present work is one of a just retaliation, and it is hoped that the object of it may be sufficiently approved of, I deem that little preface or apology is needed. In compliance, however, with custom, I shall briefly state the design of it to the reader, requesting his leniency for the ineffectual manner in which it has been accomplished. I am unaffectedly sorry that the execution of the task should devolve on so unpractised a pen, when the design and materials are of such a nature as to demand the best genius of the country.

I have been thinking that the "national debt" of gratitude to our distinguished visitors of the Trollopian school has been accumulating of late to an alarming amount, and that unless a payment is speedily made, liquidation will be next to impossible. It has occurred to me, therefore, to present their respective claims to the country, and bestowing on each, as faithfully as possible, their distinguishing features, group them in one family picture. I hope I shall not be charged with misrepresentation in this matter, nor of showing my subjects in an improper light; for it has been my earnest endeavour to treat them with the courtesy they deserve, and to mete out measure for measure of justice. It were a pity that gentlemen of their nice veracity should be even slightly wronged; and if the writer has failed to do them complete justice, he has only to allege that "to err is

mortal," and to sue for the divine boon of forgiveness.

We have mentioned a debt of gratitude which is due them, and while the word is echoed in astonishment, and the voice of many exclaims, for what?—proceed we, leisurely, to answer the question. For much, chiefly, for our sakes that they have consented to suffer exile for a time, and enduring all the perils of the deep, to set foot on a land whose very air is polluted with Republicanism, whose very breezes are oppressed with the taint of Liberty. That they have deigned to enter the doors which have been opened to receive them, and to partake of the hospitality of a "money-making" and penurious people. That they have deigned to cast their eyes on the humble monuments of a youthful republic, in spite of "the annoying demands for their admiration." That they

have gone vaunting, and sneering and sardonically grinning, through the land, pleased with nothing, and visiting all things with their sovereign contempt. Above all, that they have been pleased, in the excess of their benevolence, to record their opinions and feelings—to throw open to the hallowed gaze of the world the domestic sanctuaries where they have found a refuge, and to make the confidential expressions of private intercourse the theme of public ridicule. That they have presented in its true light the ridiculous sensitiveness* of the Americans, that national indignities are nationally resented—that they feel kicks, insults,

* "Hath not an American eyes? hath not an American hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

and calumniations : that they are such thorough fools as to reply by word or deed.

For all these things, I say, "let us be thankful, nor look the gift horse in the mouth."—We have ever possessed an affection for wanderers and adventurers, of whatever age or country, from

"Capt. Noah down to Capt. Hall."

There are certainly no persons more deserving of gratitude than those who have travelled beyond seas, and, returning with rich stores of knowledge and philosophy, kindly make others the partakers of their pleasures. They afford an entertainment of the most varied and pleasing description, mingling more than any other the useful with the sweet. They enable their readers to extend their vision beyond the limits of their own homes and firesides, and to take

in at a glance whatever is astonishing, in nature or art, on the face of the earth. But travellers and tourists in America are distinguished from others by this peculiarity; they waste very few of their pages in descriptions of natural scenery, very properly considering "the post-office as the most picturesque object to a stranger in a strange land." All their art, therefore, is employed in giving a high colouring to their pictures of the manners of the people. Instead of diving into vallies, and scrambling to the tops of our mountains, they have in most instances employed their time in frequenting the haunts of men, duly appreciating that maxim of Pope,

"The noblest study of mankind is man."

The result of this is, that they are producing the most happy revolution in a country

overrun with all manner of barbarities, and with those rank weeds which are sure to spring up from a Republican soil. They are removing the light and offensive scum which floats on the surface of society, leaving the stream pure and clear below. Here again is another cause for gratitude. Although we may never reach, yet profiting by their instructions, we may approximate to the refinement of the mother country. Mrs. Trollope and Mrs. Butler, the Alpha and Omega of travellers, have given lessons which will not soon be forgotten.

We were really quite ignorant, until we had investigated the subject, of the vast numbers who have recorded their opinions on our country. We find that there is an uninterrupted succession of authors from the war of the Revolution down to the present time, nearly all of whom have written in the

same spirit, and been actuated by the same charitable motives. First in the ranks may be mentioned *Faux*, *Fearon*, *Fawkes*, *Ash*, and *De Roos* of scanty memory. It is a source of regret that we cannot offer any specimens from their precious pages; they have probably all gone to the "moths" and to the "pastry-cooks." There is a slight tradition remaining of them, by which it is plain that they dealt much in descriptions of dirkings and gougings, and such like barbarities existing in the States. Should any gentleman, while searching in some neglected corner of his library, discover the remains of these forgotten authors, wrapped in their silken winding-sheet of cobwebs, and buried in the accumulated dust of years, it would be a pardonable sacrilege to disinter them from their long resting-place, and send them to us, all gnawed, and eaten, and time-ho-

noured as they are—valuable relics!—to the end that we may carve out some antique morsels, some tit-bits of ignorance and presumption, to serve up in a future number of the Trollopiad.

Passing over many intervening authors, next comes MELLISH with his “granite weight of leaves,”—HALL and TROLLOPE, “par nobile,”—and the Rev. ISAAC FIDDLER. This divine preaches from the same text, and in the same style as his contemporaries, and is as far removed from the people of the States both in taste and habits as the east is from the west. Imbued with the sweets of the Oriental literature, he disdained to claim kindred with the grovelling minds which comprehended not a word of Sanscrit. Impressed with a sense of “more than ordinary acquirements,” he stood erect in conscious superiority, a literary giant, seeking for kings

with whom to contend. Alas! if our universities or colleges were possessed of men who cared one iota for the advance of learning, why did not some of them seize upon Mr. Fiddler, and beseech him, by every pressing consideration, to accept the Oriental chair? But no: "we have no literature in the country." "A well-educated Englishman will make the same discovery after the residence of a day. It is impossible to be concealed or disguised." There are not only "no scholars," but "if all the books in the land were collected in a mass, there are not the materials out of which a scholar could be made."

Mr. Fiddler, in his valuable "Observations on the United States and Canada," sheds great light on the path of the student; for he declares that the *Sanscrit* is certainly the most perfect and regular in its gramma-

tical forms of all languages with which he is acquainted; and its euphonic transformations the most accurately systematic. Moreover, it is now thought by the best judges to be the origin of the Greek language. Many roots and prepositions, and the numbers and voices, are nearly the same in both. Also every euphonic change in Greek and in every other language can be referred to the principles of Sanscrit!!!”

En passant, we would modestly insinuate that the reverend gentleman talks rather frequently on this subject, and is like a certain philosopher who harangued once too often about the “cosmogony or creation of the world.” To tell the truth, we have sometimes felt half tempted, when this theme has been freshly broached, to make use, with all due deference, of the language of the worthy vicar to Mr. Jenkinson: “I

ask your pardon, Sir, for interrupting so much learning, but I think I have heard all this before."

To proceed with our enumeration. There is the accomplished author of Cyril Thornton. Apropos of Mr. Thornton. He is an estimable gentleman—good judgment—fine taste—pointed wit—great powers; although there are many things which he "does not profess to be qualified to appreciate." We are happy to observe that he continues in the walks of fiction, in which he has acquired unfading laurels; and certain are we, that, as a work of imagination, the "Men and Manners" will take nothing from his former reputation. We feel sorry, however, to convict him on his own confession of one piece of aggravated cruelty during his residence in the United States of America. We say aggravated, because committed not against

an individual, but a whole body of American citizens. He positively refused, in spite of the entreaties of the Philadelphians, to visit the "water-works," and "persisted in the resolution." For this gratuitous chastisement let him advance his own reasons. "The Philadelphians pride themselves far more on their water-works than on their State House. Their Io Pæans on account of the former, are loud and unceasing; and I must say, the annoyance which those occasion to a traveller is very considerable. A dozen times a-day was I asked whether I had seen the water-works, and on my answering in the negative, I was told that I positively must visit them,—that they were unrivalled in the world; that no people but the Americans could have executed such works; and, by implication, that no one but an Englishman, meanly jealous of American

superiority, would omit an opportunity of admiring their unrivalled mechanism. There is no accounting for the eccentricities of human character: I had not heard these circumstances repeated above fifty times ere I began to run restive, and determined not to visit the water-works at all. To this resolution I adhered, in spite of all remonstrance, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause. Of the water-works, therefore, of Philadelphia, I know nothing; and any reader particularly solicitous of becoming acquainted with the principles of this remarkable piece of machinery, may consult the pages of other travellers." And herein consists the refinement, the ingenuity of the cruelty,—not only that *his* eyes have refused to see, but that *his* pen forbears to describe. How can the Philadelphians recover from the deep wound which they have experienced?

The last on the list of those whom we particularly mention, is MRS. BUTLER, (formerly Miss Kemble, of the theatres Covent Garden and Drury Lane,) whose neat blue volumes have been recently ushered in with a "flourish of trumpets." This lady, the representative of the aristocratic circles of the British metropolis, in which, as it would appear, she has been caressed and worshipped, has exercised a very refining influence on our society, having brought with her the whole vocabulary of polite words and phrases which receive sanction abroad, and incorporated them in her work for the benefit of the barbarous Americans who pronounce

"vaggaries,	vageries,
ad infinittum,	ad infinitem,
vitupperate,	vituperate."

It is our advice to the youths who are

thronging our academies and colleges, to throw aside the cumbersome work of Dr. Blair, and substitute the volumes in question; where, instead of the "rhetorician's rules," which "teach them but to name their tools," will be found good writing exemplified. Let them seize the "Journal," and "stuff away with great zeal;"—and if they do not "go into fits" with laughing, or fall in love with "poor, dear little me," they will derive any quantity of information before they have "dawdled" to the end.

Many persons complain, and very justly, of the corruption of the English language: and certainly the many *Americanisms* which have recently crept in, have done much towards destroying the purity of it in the United States. The most respectable portion of our population, no doubt, speak a dialect entirely distinct from the genuine Attic

of the old world. Capt. Hall, who would not murder the king's English for the world, and who, in the course of his travels, has listened to all kinds of jargons, expressly declares that he has found no language so difficult to *h*understand as that of the Americans. We are for a "reform," and perhaps, the "Journal" of his fair countrywoman would meet the Captain's *h*ideas of propriety, and be a very sufficient standard.

There are certain other authors not mentioned herein, either because they are of a different stamp, or, not belonging to his Majesty's dominions, do not fall under the especial class of which we treat. There are the travels of SAXE WEIMAR, of ARFWEDSON the Swede, and ZAVALA the Mexican. We are in daily expectation of something new.*

* And how certainly have our expectations been satisfied. In such generous profusion have works upon

MISS MARTINEAU is at present reconnoitring and pushing her politico-economical inqui-

the country been showered upon us since writing the above, that the most hearty good-will and appetite would not suffice for their digestion. They fly past like the courses of an entertainment, leaving us like young Cyrus at the board of Astyages, to wonder at the magnificence of the host, and to be bewildered amidst a variety of dishes. We have had served up with great rapidity *Lieber, Latrobe, Reed* and *Matheson*, and *Marie* by *M. de Beaumont*. We remark only on the last two. Mr. Reed's book is "A visit to the American churches." As the title imports, it is mainly of a religious character, and marked, of course, by charity and all the Christian graces. Not that he does not wax querulous sometimes, as he had certainly a right to do, with regard to certain heathenish practices. "The spitting," he remarks, "is like unto the continual dropping of rain." "One feels an irresistible propensity to put up an umbrella."—And it came to pass that as he was discoursing in a church at Princeton, a strange species of bug, the like of which he had never seen, annoyed him exceedingly. Howbeit Mr. Reed may be depended upon. His work is matter of fact, and "No Fiction."

M. de Beaumont, who with his colleague, M. de Tocqueville, was sent to the United States by the French

ries. BULWER has some ideas of a voyage, and there was some time since a rumour that PUCKLER MUSKAU was expected among us. In addition to this, another squadron of Grub-streeters are making preparations to emigrate, so overwhelming in their numbers and so exquisite in their tastes, that Astor's Hotel will neither be sufficiently large nor elegant to receive them. Sweet are the recollections of the past; but what a delightful literary banquet have we not in prospect! What new exposés of national peculiarity! what new chapters on smoking and spitting, (how we shudder at the word!) on eating and drinking! What graphic de-

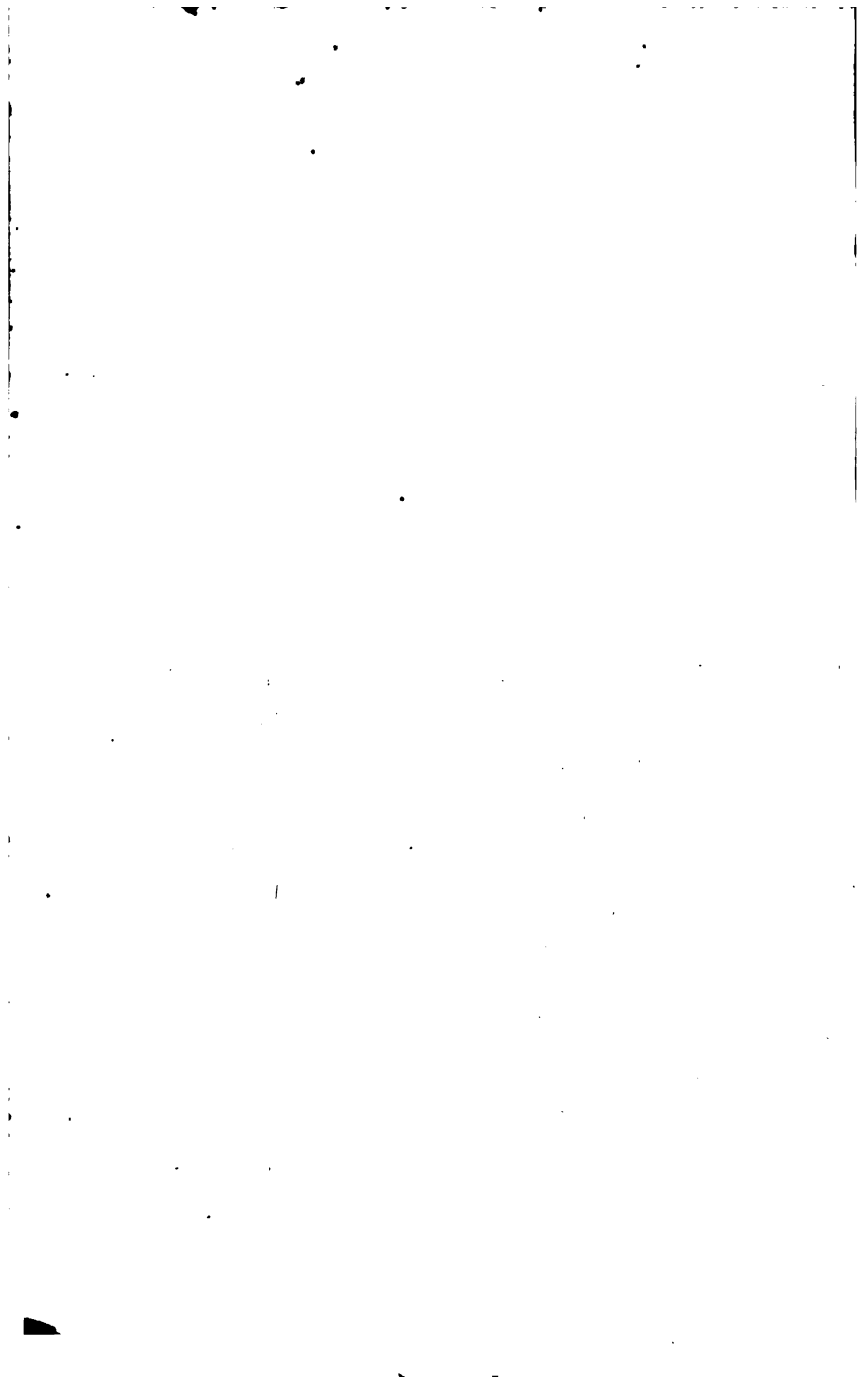
government to examine our penal code and penitentiary system, and whose work on that subject has been published in this country, has written a book on American manners, and embodied his observations in a romance entitled "Marie."

scriptions of "stage-coach adventures;" of scenes in a bar room; of "banquet halls deserted;" of savages, who "pitchfork their food into their gullets." Even at the present moment, we doubt not there are those on the deep who are busily engaged in writing the first chapters of some coming work—who have already recorded their observations on winds and tides, on thunder and lightning, and Mother Carey's chickens.—We shall soon have the pleasure of attending them on the Hudson, on the Connecticut, on the Ohio, on the Mississippi; and be delighted with Yankee conversations marked with the brogue of the Irish, and backwoodsmen of Indiana spouting in the Yorkshire dialect! O! sweet anticipation! May the breezes be propitious, and waft you safely into our glorious harbour. "Most worshipful gentlemen, we shall be rejoiced to wel-

come you to our shores." PHILO will receive you with his wonted hospitality, and be ready to do the honours of the town. The "American dandies, who have travelled perchance in Europe, and brought back to their own country a large stock of second-hand fopperies, of rings, trinkets, and gold chains," will form around you in the drawing-rooms, and be eager to display "their powers of attraction;" and though last not least, our humble selves will be prepared to survey you narrowly from head to foot,—to mark the especial bent of your genius, and to enrol you with your brother travellers. Again, we say, come on—for certainly, gentlemen, there is "room enough in this wide hemisphere for you and me."

NEW-YORK, }
March 1, 1837. }

THE TROLLOPIAD.



THE TROLLOPIAD.

WHAT! must I always hear, nor e'er reply,*
And shall JOHN BULL for ever rend the sky?
Shall OWEN †, in a voice as thunder loud,
Shout like a GRACCHUS to the assembled crowd,
And brawling FANNY ‡ teach the atheist clan,
The rights of women, and the wrongs of man,

* *Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?
Impunè ergo mihi recitaverit ille togatas,
Hic elegos? &c.* *Juvenal, Sat. 1.*

† *Robert Dale Owen.*—An infidel, agrarian, &c.

‡ *Fanny Wright.*—A notorious virago of the Woolstonecraft school, who has been brawling publicly in the halls and theatres of our cities on the rights of women, &c. Her ideas are at variance with those of society in general on several points of minor importance, such as

While those who cannot speak, nor silence brook,
Vent their o'erflowing wisdom in a book ?

matrimony and the Christian religion. She was an assistant editor of the "Free Enquirer," an infidel paper published weekly in the city of New-York. She is an accursed fiend in the shape of woman, to whose attributes she is a stranger ; brazenly promulgates her horrid blasphemies, and is alike the bane of society and the disgrace of her sex. Whither her fortunes have now conducted her is not certainly known ; and perhaps it is better for the world to be innocent of such knowledge. She is here, and there, and all over ; now in France, now in England, now in the United States, "like the troubled sea casting up mire and dirt and finding no rest." Mrs. *Trollope*, who fell in with her in the wilds of the west, was much attached to her. Mrs. *Anne Royall* and herself are likewise "great cronies." A very precious trio truly !

"A fellow-feeling makes them wondrous kind."

Mr. *Stuart* makes the following mention of her :—"Miss *Wright* had come to Philadelphia for a few days to repeat the lectures she had been delivering in New-York. The theatre in Walnut-street contains about as many persons as the minor theatres in London or the Edinburgh theatre. The house was well filled with both sexes, and no mark of approbation or disapprobation was given at any time.

No: if such throngs fear not their skill to try,
I, too, will have a finger in the pie.

Ye wandering scribblers who infest the land,
Spleen in your souls and papers in your hand ;
Whose hearts a " goodly matter " do indite,
Who write to live—just heavens !—and live to write ;

When the curtain was drawn up, the stage was occupied by herself and about a half a dozen persons, who had rather the appearance of tradespeople than those in her own situation of life. Miss Wright's chief aim seemed to be to persuade her hearers, that instead of employing one day of the week in the services of the Christian religion, and spending, as she alleged, twenty millions of dollars in making provision for the preachers of that religion, and in building churches, they should devote their time and money in endeavouring to discover every thing in the bosom of Nature. ' Take for your teachers,' she said emphatically, ' experimental philosophers, convert your churches into halls of science, and devote your Sabbath to the study of your own bodies, and the examination of the fair material world.' It did not appear to me that there was much originality in the matter of *Miss Wright's* lectures. The arguments she adduced are all, I believe, to be found in the sceptical and deistical writers, Voltaire, Hume, &c."

Who coin and fabricate your lies at leisure,
 And vend them by the overflowing measure,
 Fools—vagrants—British scribblers, be my theme,
 Assist me, TROLLOPE, in the worthy scheme.
 All that ye saw, and seeing, did record,
 What most ye hated and what most abhorr'd,
 Your names—sweet names!—your scrawlings we
 review,

Poor is my muse, yet good enough for you.

With arrant knaves the homeliest strains may pass,
 Who ever sings an ANTHEM to an ASS?

Time was—ah! pity that the time is o'er—

When British fools ne'er left the British shore,
 Nor e'en indulg'd the slightest wish to roam,
 Contented to be spurned and lashed at home.
 To apply the needful scourge, and midst the throng,
 Hurl the keen arrows of satiric song,
 To let the unwelcome truth escape for once,
 And breathe in scribblers' ears the name of DUNCE,
 Great POPE arose and blessed the British isle,
 Bade folly shrink, and modest genius smile.
 The immortal bard beheld with just disdain,
 Crowd o'er the land a mercenary train,

Unhallowed feet profane the Muses' shrine,
 And Grub-street den'zens dallying with the Nine.
 All felt the glowing mind, and ran to hurl
 Their pearls poetic at the feet of CURLL.*
 Some but a stanza, some whole epics, brought;
 But each his share of undigested thought.
 Aspiring to be rhyme 'twas wretched prose,
 In hard-bound brains conceiv'd, and born with throes.
 At length he saw the mingled mass arise,
 Another Babel to insult the skies.
 "Sonnets, and stanzas, elegiac lines,
 Journals and medleys, merc'ries, magazines,†

* *Curll*.—A rascally bookseller in the time of *Pope*, of whom it is said that "he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it had ever before arrived at," and that "he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the state, the church, and the law, and received particular marks of distinction from each;" to which may it be added, that he was linked to the *Dunciad* for his pains.

† *Magazines*.—"The common name of those upstart

Sepulchral lies* the holy walls to grace,
 And new-years' odes from all the Grub-street race."
 He struck the pyramid with magic pen,
 And the whole mass came "lumbering down again."
 A thousand dunces 'neath the pile were dead,
 Crush'd by the leaden labours of their head ;

* Sepulchral lies.—"Is a just satire on the flatteries and falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of churches in epitaphs ; which occasioned the following epigram :"

Friend, in your epitaph I 'm griev'd
 So very much is said :
 One half will never be believ'd,
 The other never read.

Notes to the Dunciad.

collections in prose and verse, where dulness assumes all the various shapes of folly to draw in and cajole the rabble. The eruption of every miserable scribbler ; the dirty scum of every stagnant newspaper ; the rags of worn-out nonsense and scandal, picked up from every dunghill, under the title of "Essays, Reflections, Queries, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles, &c., equally the disgrace of human wit, morality, and common sense."

While others curs'd in solitude their fate,
Or pour'd their spleen in vulgar Billingsgate.
Sad was the rout, and dreadful was the fall,
A thousand perished, but, alas! not all.
When Britain's glorious bard had met his doom,
And all his mortal part had found a tomb,
Reviv'd in spirit, reinforc'd again,
They rush'd in crowds tumultuous on the plain,
And "envying the fair fame they could not hope,
Spat their black venom at the dust of POPE."
And still they raged, and still the tumult rose,
A mingled jargon, neither verse nor prose;
Till the last signs of taste and reason yield,
And fools recovered and possessed the field.
In later days their harmless shafts were hurled,
And all their nonsense centered in "THE WORLD."*

* "A knot of fantastic coxcombs had set up a daily paper called 'The World.' It was perfectly unintelligible, and therefore much read. It was equally lavish of praise and abuse, (praise of what appeared in its own columns, and abuse of every thing that appeared elsewhere;) and as its conductors were at once ignorant and

NOW DELLA CRUSCA sang in strains to move
 And warbled most deliciously of "LOVE."
 The soft infection spread to every breast,
 Old men and maidens were alike possessed ;
 Till all were raving with the Muses' fire,
 And wildly struck their Della Cruscan lyre,
 To sonnets and pindaric odes sublime,
 And sweetest nonsense satisfied the time.
 Thanks to great GIFFORD,* whose unsparing pen
 Commenc'd the strife which POPE had waged again.

conceited, they took upon them to direct the taste of the town by prefixing a short panegyric to every trifle which came before them. While the epidemic malady was spreading from fool to fool, *Della Crusca* came over, and immediately announced himself by a sonnet to Love. *Anna Matilda* wrote an incomparable piece of nonsense in praise of it. From that period, not a day passed without an amatory epistle fraught with lightning and thunder. The fever turned to a frenzy. *Laura Maria*, *Carlos*, *Orlando*, *Adelaide*, and a thousand other nameless names, caught the infection ; and from one end of the kingdom to the other, all was nonsense and *Della Crusca*."

Gifford.

* *Gifford*.—Translator of *Juvenal*, and author of the

Armed with the shafts which JUVENAL caused to fall,
The shafts imbued with wormwood and with gall ;
“ He laughed to scorn the unsparing sonneteer,
Who made goose pinions and white rags so dear.”
Thanks to the bard a greater still than he,
That burning light of heavenly poësy,
Who seized the pen ere yet the strife was done,
And deigned to end what GIFFORD had begun.
Then woe to those who poisoned all his soul,
They ting'd the waters, but they quaff'd the bowl.

Baviad and *Mæviad*, capital satires. Whoever is acquainted with the literature of the times must acknowledge his eminent service. He wrote neither in malice nor spleen, but obeyed the promptings of imperative duty, and purged the age of a growing evil. He checked the onward progress of an affected sentimentalism, dispersed the ranks of scribblers which were receiving every day accession to their number, and restored the vitiated taste of the public to a more sound and healthy state. When folly, harmless and amusing at first, attains a certain height, and fools, emboldened by the approbation of silence, contemn the dictates of sense and reason, satire performs its legitimate part and applies the wholesome rod of correction.

Fain would they trample down his glowing page,*
Check his fierce course, and quench his noble rage ;
Though gloom awhile his burning spirit shrouds,
Darkness his home and his pavilion clouds ;
Though crouching like the lion in his lair,
Not ever could his fury slumber there.
At length portentous signs began to form,
And rumbling sounds foretold the approaching storm ;
Then from the skies the fires of vengeance flash,
Odes, epics, sonnets, tumbled with a crash.
From rank to rank the livid lightning ran,
And scathed the tribe of scribblers to a man.

* The critique in the *Edinburgh Review* on the first poetical attempts of *Lord Byron* is too well known to require comment. It is conceded that it was written in a style unnecessarily and unjustly severe, and perhaps had no small influence in directing the future career of the poet. But he had his rich revenge ; and it is only to be regretted, that in the bitterness of his spirit he wreaked it with too little discrimination. For while many winced deservedly under his lash, he lamented, to the end of his life, that in exterminating his enemies he had stabbed his friends.

Like rats they scampered on that fearful day,
 In sooth they thought the devil was to pay.
 With quivering lips they breathed their vengeful
 curse,

They shriek'd in numbers and they swore in verse;
 Each Grub-street rhymester trembled in his nook,
 And all Parnassus "to its centre shook."

Oh that the noble bard that erst of yore
 From haughty brows their ill-got laurels tore,
 Breath'd but again to fill the glowing page,
 And stamp the wretched follies of the age.

To press with honest wrath the scribbling throng,
 "Fools for his theme, and satire as his song."*

But the last quiverings of his strings are o'er,
 And his sweet voice shall never reach us more.

POPE—GIFFORD—BYRON—what! since ye are fled,
 Shall folly rage, and satire's self be dead?

Must he who would the warning voice repeat,
 Breathe it in numbers exquisitely sweet?

* Prepare for rhyme, I'll publish right or wrong,
 Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

And pour on dunces' ears a tide of song,
 As POPE harmonious and as DRYDEN strong?
 Oh no! my humbler muse will mark the foe,
 How ill so e'er the unwonted numbers flow.
 In this alone our fools are chang'd from those,—
 'They scrawled in verse, these haply write in prose.*
 'They aimed at but a few their venom'd dart,
 'These fain would stab a nation to the heart.
 Unscathed, unpunished by satiric pen,
 Dulness asserts her ancient right again :

* We would not insinuate by this that they are all dull creatures of prose, but merely that this is the substantial article in which they deal. Nothing is more certain, than that when their imaginations are heated to a certain degree they are sometimes apt to give vent to their poetical feelings, as many "stanzas," "laments," "palinodes," &c. abundantly testify. But the "unearthly flutterings" which they make in "ascending to the regions of poetry," remind one of the "first rude attempts of a clumsy bird in rising from the ground." Perhaps we shall take occasion to present the reader with a few specimens of these delicious effusions, if our patience will suffice to search them out amidst a mass of magazines, miscellanies, and other literary lumber. They are certainly deserving of a species of immortality.

Her thousand children from her sceptre pass,
Each braying loud, proclaims himself an ASS.
The mother bids them venture and be bold,
Where Freedom reigns, and streets are paved with
gold.*

“Proceed, my sons, where TROLLOPE leads the way,
“There one and all are sure to have their day.”

* It is very properly said that there is no imagination so magnificent as that of a beggar. Those poor creatures who swarm upon our shores, are apt to form the most splendid dreams of the country. Accustomed to be kept within proper bounds by the aristocracy at home, they expect here to launch into the other extreme, and think of liberty in no other sense than of unbounded license. This is the case from the humblest emigrant to the haughty and ambitious scribbler; the one expects to pick up gold in the streets, or, as the phrase is, to “make his fortune” at a blow, to engage in “rows,” and live like my lord, unmolested; the other anticipates the most crouching servility from a people whom he affects to despise—and fame, honour, and lucrative employment, on the score of talents and acquirements which he does not possess. What wonder if such extravagant expectations are sometimes doomed to be disappointed.

No barriers to oppose the rushing foe,
 They swell in numbers, and they overflow.
 In Britain far too straitened for their ease,
 Lo half of Grub-street pours beyond the seas.
 What pow'r shall shield us, or what arm restrain ?
 They range our shores from FLORIDA to MAINE ;
 In triple brass begirt enforce their way,
 And "men and manners" in the States survey.
 Each varying scene excites their generous rage,
 Each lacquey's talk supplies them with a page,*

* This art of retailing *verbatim* to their readers the conversations and testimonies of menials, appears to be well understood by the itinerant scribblers on America. It is an ingenious mode of filling a page. Indeed, it is essentially necessary in the process of manufacturing a book. On this point *Mr. Stuart* speaks in the following language of *Mrs. Trollope* :—"No doubt she attempts to bolster up her views by reference to conversations with servants, mantua-makers, &c. but she abstains, like her predecessor, *Capt. Hall*, from giving names and dates ; whether from motives of delicacy like that gallant officer, or to render it impossible to trace the stories and refute them, I know not ; but referring to these stories on which *Mrs. Trollope* relies most, what do they amount to ? First,

Or if, perchance, each other source is shut,
They bring "old stories" from CONNECTICUT.*

* Connecticut is a land fruitful enough in "stories."

there is the *maid-servant* whom MRS. TROLLOPE eulogises as an excellent servant," &c. Vol. ii. p. 290.

The following is the testimony of the *servant* of that paragon of good breeding and excellence, "the accomplished author of *Cyril Thornton*." "During the time I was engaged at the levee, *my servant* remained in the hall through which lay the entrance to the apartments occupied by the company, and on the day following he gave me a few details of a scene somewhat extraordinary, but sufficiently characteristic to merit record. It appeared that the refreshments intended for the company, consisting of punch and lemonade, were brought by the servants with the intention of reaching the interior saloon. No sooner, however, were the ministers of Bacchus descried to be approaching by a portion of the company, than a rush was made from within, the whole contents of the trays seized *in transitu* by a sort of *coup de main*, and the bearers, having thus rapidly achieved the distribution of their refreshments, had nothing for it but to return for a fresh supply. This was brought and quite as compendiously dispatched; and it at length became apparent that, without resorting to some extraordinary

From nut-brown, ancient almanacks they tear
 Tales ready made, and none the worse for wear,

The wooden eggs, wooden nutmegs, wooden hams, and

measures, it would be impossible to accomplish the intended voyage. The butler, however, was an Irishman : and in order to baffle farther attempts at intercepting the supplies, had recourse to an expedient marked by all the ingenuity of his countrymen. He procured an escort, armed them with sticks, and on his next advance, these men kept flourishing their *shillelahs* around the trays with such alarming vehemence, that the predatory horde were scared from their prey, and amid a scene of execration and laughter," &c.

Men and Manners, Vol. ii. p. 73.

Such are the testimonies, and it were easy to select a hundred such, with which they attempt to "bolster up their views," and to substantiate those extraordinary scenes which are "sufficiently characteristic to merit record." They gather together the *ipse dixit* of servants, stage-drivers, &c. "details" picked up in steam-boats, bar-rooms, and by the way-side ; and then publish their "skimmings."—What such skimmings are worth, let the readers of Hamilton, that exquisite puppy, (for he is a puppy) determine. Their particular value "I do not profess to be qualified to appreciate."

Of "clocks" and "nutmegs," and each scurvy trick,
 Bequeath'd to Yankee pedlar from OLD NICK ;
 At length they print their *quantum* cut in half,
 Their inside falsehood and their outside calf.
 But there are certain of the scribbling crew
 A bolder course than even this pursue ;

the thousand floating reports of fraud and trickery which have attached themselves to this "guessing," "expecting," and "calculating" people, (and, to speak the truth, a more kind and hospitable race of men exists not on earth,) are themes on which these immaculate vagabonds love to expatiate ; and they seldom relinquish them until they have expended at least twenty pages of honest opprobrium. How applicable on this point is the language which Juvenal applies to the worn-out subjects of his day :

"Nota magis nulli domus est sua quam mihi lucus
 Martis, et Æoliis vicinum rupibus antrum
 Vulcani. Quid agant venti, quas torqueat umbras
 Æacus, unde alius furtivæ devehat aurum ;
 Pellicula quantas jaculetur Monychus ornos,
 Frontonis platani convulsaque marmora clamant,
 Semper et assiduo rupte lectore columnæ.
 Expectes eadem a summo minimoque poeta."

As I proceed to show ; so, cousins dear,
If I should trace your own true history here,
And these unworthy lines should meet your eye,
Confess them just nor swear the truth a lie.
The coxcomb now who lords it on the throne,
(Plac'd there by no opinion save his own,)
The throne of taste, and who pretends to see
What manners are, and what they ought to be ;
In luckless days of yore which now are flown,
Grubb'd a poor pittance in his native town ;
In " paragraphs " well satisfied to shine,
And take his hard-earned " penny for a line. "*

* "The paragraph grinders," the "penny-a-liners" to the newspapers in London, are that class of persons who are paid by the line for their fabrications of "police reports," "remarkable occurrences," "*bon-mots* of distinguished characters," and other little articles of a similar nature. They are the scavengers of the town, whose business is to rake together all the floating reports and scandals, and bring them together in the daily prints. Hence they are the most contemptible of those who

"Daily scribble for their daily bread."

This wretched business he awhile pursues,
And feeds the town with dainty bits of news ;
At length the dreaded bailiff in the street,*
Comes thundering on his shoulders with a writ ;
He slips the friendly grasp, and, wing'd by fear,
Leaves London, debts, and bailiff in the rear.
"Swift as a bard he emulates the wind,"
The packet gains, nor cares to look behind.
He leaps on board, his distance fairly saves,
Defrauds his tailor, and his barber shaves.

* This may call up an unpleasant crisis in the life of many a "Refugee in America." Really we dislike to allude to the delicate dilemma,—to the ancient affair, to wound sensitive feelings. But think again, gentlemen ; furbish up your memories, put your hands to your foreheads. Reflect. Is there not some dim remembrance ? It will come to you more distinctly by and by. Bailiffs are not always to be dodged. They are watchful dogs. And when at last they lay their heavy hand upon their victim, and think that they have nabbed him safely, happy is he, can he leave his garment in their hands, like Joseph when he fled from the wife of Potiphar, and fly to America, the land of liberty and asylum of the oppressed.

The snowy sails are spread, and he is blest ;
NEWGATE has lost, COLUMBIA gained a guest.
Now view him exiled from his native shore,
With ocean round him and the world before,
In serious mood reflecting what to do,
When he shall change the old world for the new.
With pockets quite as empty as his head,
What shall his empty stomach do for bread ?
"He cannot dig, to beg he is ashamed,"
Was e'er a British trav'ler so defam'd ?
What ! shall he claim the poet's art divine,
Clamber Parnassian steeps and court the Nine ;
Taste of the sparkling streams that ever flow,
And bind the laurel wreath around his brow ?
Ah ! few can tell, to climb those steeps how hard,*
To reach their summits and be dubbed a bard.
The grovelling age, each poetaster knows,
Contemns the muse and binds the wreath on prose.
Yes ; he, too, once let loose upon a time
A mingled flood of nonsense and of rhyme ;

* " Ah ! few can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep," &c. *The Minstrel.*

Sad was the day, for all the critic breed,
They of the town, and HE beyond the Tweed,*
Rush'd on the game with pamphlets and reviews,
And jeer'd to death his unresisting muse.
Unhappy author ! more unhappy book !
Condemned to cobwebs and the pastry-cook.
Some other hobby must be tried, he swore
He'd mount his jaded Pegasus no more.
In that rude land where he is journeying,
Whither his vessel flies on snowy wing,
They have declared who best are skill'd to know
Nought but a stunted race of men can grow,†
And manners yet are in their embryo.
Why should he fling to such his art divine ?
His orient pearls of fancy to the swine.

* *The Edinburgh Review.*

† Some sapient writer in the *London Morning Post*, remarking on the high tone assumed in the Presidential message with respect to the French Indemnity, protests against such threatening insolence towards ancient France from a nation whose birth is of yesterday, and of whose men it has been doubted by some philosopher whether they were not of an inferior race.

No : other goods to market must be brought ;

He'll write his travels, what a happy thought !

Be father to some literary brat,

AN ARISTARCHUS, and aristocrat ;

Vapour and foam from BEERSHEBA to DAN,

And be, what he ne'er was,—a gentleman.

No time to spare—the project is sublime :

“ Procrastination is the thief of time.”

Fir'd with the thought, he racks his costive brain,

And oft-wrote marvels straight he writes again.

States from what port, the day and hour he started,

What, and how dear, the friends from whom he
parted.

'Tis true his matters are a little stale,

“ A storm ” at sea—the catching of “ a whale ; ”

The “ foaming billows ” raging “ mountain high,”

The “ rolling thunders ” and the “ angry sky,”

With other things as marvellous or more,

To those who ne'er have heard the like before.

He takes a little here, a little there,

From geographies, the guide-book, gazetteer ;

Thus fills his leaves with pilferings from his shelf,

But most of all—with emptiness itself.

Then mingles, that the cheat may stand the test,
Sufficient of his own to spoil the rest.

Thus is his task, before his voyage, done—

His woes all written ere he meets with one ;

He scrawls his preface and prepares his book

Ere the light gleams from distant SANDY HOOK.

Now is the ocean cross'd, the voyage o'er,

He pockets papers, and he steps ashore ;

Adjusts his hat and neck-cloth *a l'Anglaise*,

Then to the far-fam'd HARPER* bends his ways.

How swells his heart against his lady's locket,

His hopes reposing in his breeches pocket !

What golden prospects spread before his eyes,

A thousand dollars for a thousand lies !

How will the eager publick snatch the book,

How mark the accomplish'd stranger in his look,†

* *Harper and Brothers*, Publishers, New-York.

† "I suppose he observed something foreign in my appearance."—*Hamilton*.

"At a house on the road side I called at, to make inquiries and to quench my thirst, there was an elderly man seated, who eyed me for some time with a keen and

With eager, curious eye inspect each page,*
Fear to find fault, and tremble as they rage!

steady look. At last he began questioning me; 'You are lately from the old country, I suppose.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'although I have not come direct, but spent five months in the States.' 'Have you come to settle here?' 'I left England with intentions of residing in the States; but have grown weary of America, and am now passing through this country to view it for myself, and to form my plans according as it may please me.' 'You talk mighty fine,' he said, 'you are a mighty elegant gentleman, and have a noble look; have you seen the governor since you came?'—*Fidler.*

* That the Americans are disposed to regard the opinions of foreigners on their country, and especially of Englishmen, we admit, and it is natural enough. To this readiness alone may be attributed the constant succession of vilifying works. The undoubted and contemptible object of these is in most cases, gain. If instead of being read, they were universally abstained from, and treated with silent contempt, our word on it they would not be found to answer their purpose, and hostilities would soon cease. But to buy, to read, and to get angry, is to gratify the vanity of their authors, and to swell their purses and their arrogance in equal proportions.

Fawn round, and flatter him throughout the land,
 Humbly extend the hospitable hand,
 And when he walks the streets in dignity,
 A thousand throats bawl out—"That's he," "that's
 he."*

Fame's liquid trumpet notes are ever dear,
 But sweeter those which jingle in the ear.
 Into the presence of the man he whips,
 And on the counter slaps his manuscripts.
 His speech, lo thus, in pompous words began :
 "Sir, you behold an English gentleman
 "Compell'd by fortune, and by adverse fates,
 "To make the tour of these United States.
 "Among their men and cities he has been,
 "'Pon honour, where he will not go again.
 "Here's the result, Sir, of his observations,
 "His many trials and his sore vexations ;
 "All which he saw, and all he underwent,
 "Mixed with remarks upon the government,
 "The towns, the people, the American fair,
 "Religion, politics, et cetera.

† "Hic est, hic est."—*Juvenal*.

"In speaking truth he is not over nice ;
 "Please be so good as just to name your price.
 "The unvarnish'd truth, ye men of books can tell,
 "How much so e'er *respected*, will not *sell*.
 "Here are my tales, a thousand, sir, and one,
 "How much ? how much ? here's going, going,—
 GONE."

His travels sold, his travels straight begin,
 He pockets cash and sees what's to be seen ;
 Finds where the best and cheapest lodgings are,
 Eats like a pig, and grumbles like a bear ;
 Quarrels with the maids, endures a world of evil,
 And daily sends his landlord to the Devil.
 He always makes a hubbub at the table,
 The tea and coffee are both " execrable ;"
 And, amidst other things, there is, alas !
 One horrid practice which he cannot pass.*

* "Departures, which had begun even before I took my place at the table, became every instant more numerous, and in a few minutes the apartment had become what *Moore* beautifully describes in one of his songs "a banquet-hall deserted." The appearance of the table under

The brutes eat eggs—can he contain his wrath?
From wine-glasses—oh! tell it not in Gath!

such circumstances was by no means gracious either to the eye or fancy. It was strewed thickly with the *disjecta membra* of the entertainment. Here lay fragments of fish somewhat unpleasantly odoriferous; there the skeleton of a chicken; on the right a mustard-pot upset, and the cloth *passim* defiled with stains of eggs, coffee, gravy. But I will not go on with the picture. One nasty custom, however, I must notice. Eggs, instead of being eaten from the shell, are poured into a wine-glass, and after being duly and disgustingly churned up with butter and condiment, the mixture, according to its degree of fluidity, is forthwith either spooned into the mouth or drunk off like a liquid. The advantage gained by this process I do not profess to be qualified to appreciate. But I can speak from experience of its sedative effect on the appetite of an unpractised beholder."

Men and Manners.

REMARK.—That it is "spooned into the mouth" we grant you; but that it is ever drunk off like a liquid, is questionable. We maintain that if an egg is fit to be eaten, it may be looked at; and although by no means arguing the superior propriety of pouring it into a wine-glass, can see nothing very disgusting in it, except the description. It is one of the especial traits of John

And, what is still more strange, and past belief,
The ladies, e'en the ladies, eat *smok'd beef*.*

Bull's character to think that nothing can be good which is not sanctioned by usage at home. We are much struck with the justness of the following remarks extracted from a late work by Baron d'Haussez.

“ An Englishman abroad advertises in a manner his desire to preserve the customs of his country : he even exaggerates these, lest any of the details should escape. He pushes his prejudices to that extent, that he wishes to bend the customs of every country he visits to those of England. He evinces susceptibility, disdain, pride ; he requires attention without any effort to deserve it, and is every where at his ease. Does he enter a *salon*, he hardly bows to you, awaits an introduction before he commences a conversation, and is offended at the least neglect of those observances of which he fancies himself the object. The crowd should in his idea pack itself tighter in order to give a free passage to himself, his wife, and three or four daughters, who hang upon him, and would not, for the world, be separated. He is inexorable in conceding the smallest English custom, lest it should tend to impeach that nationality of which he is so proud.”

* “ At six o'clock the bell rings for tea, when the party muster again, though generally in diminished numbers. This meal is likewise provided with its due proportion of

Kind PHILo sends him an invite to dine,
He goes of course, and drinks his share of wine ;
All vulgar topics seems inclined to shun,*
Talks of my Lord and Lady such-a-one ;
Her grace the Duchess, and the Duke of O,
With whom he dined 'tis just a year ago.
Discourses wisely of the affairs of state,
The manners and the customs of the great ;
Regrets his sad propensity to roam,
For " home, sweet home, there is no place like home."
Ye curious readers, would ye wish to know
Where was our trav'ler just one year ago ?
Laid in his native GRUB-STREET, high and dry,
Betwixt the Attic story and the sky.

solids. The most remarkable was *raw hung beef*, cut up into thin slices, of which, *horresco referens* ! I observed that even ladies did not hesitate to partake. The tea and coffee are both execrable."

* " He talks of dukes and earls, and all their sweeping train, and 'garters and stars and coronets' appear in his conversation, as if such things had been familiar to him from infancy."

As from the festive board away he trips,
 The rich grape loitering on his scornful lips,
 He grieves the host had ever chanc'd to be
 "Between the wind and his nobility."—
 Such entertainers may the rabble suit,
 But he had never seen so great a brute.
 In manners certainly no amateur ;
 Besides, he was a vile tobacco-chewer.

Now in his walks he prates in endless pother
 Of streets and houses and one thing or other ;
 Of Huns and Goths, and Vandals and Alaric,
 For all things here are tinctur'd with Barbaric.*

* "In visiting a foreign city, a traveller, especially an English one, usually expects to find, in the aspect of the place and its inhabitants, some tincture of the Barbaric. There is something of this at New-York. The aspect and bearing of the citizens of New-York are certainly very distinguishable from any thing ever seen in Britain. They are generally slender in person, somewhat slouching in gait ; and without that openness of countenance and erectness of deportment to which an English eye has been accustomed. Their utterance, too, is marked by a peculiar modulation, partaking of a snivel and a drawl, which, I confess, to my ear is by no means laudable on the score of euphony." *Men and Manners.*

The men are quite of an inferior race,
Of slouching gait and a sinister face ;
Their voice, if he can liken it at all,
Is something 'twixt a snivel and a drawl.
If in the street some passer-by perchance
Turns round his head to snatch a hasty glance,
"Lord ! how they stare, and view me o'er and o'er ;
"Have they ne'er seen a foreigner before ?"
If in the street advancing he is pressed,
And no one glances at the city's guest,
Oh ! then he damns the *mercenary* train,
One vile pursuit impels—and that is "gain."
Ask what he may, or go where'er he will,
His lordship vents his maledictions still.
Kindness is insult, favours but annoy,
All, save the English, are *oi βαρβαροι*.
In pictures he's a mighty amateur,
His taste undoubted, and his judgment sure ;
His sage opinion never fails to stake,
And lo ! finds fault with RAPHAEL by mistake.
How many an artist of his fame he robs,
Looks at the landscapes and declares them daubs.

Exquisite taste! where but a single squint
 Finds something wrong in shading or in tint.
 'Tis all the same, or TRUMBULL, WEIR, or WEST,
 "Some dawning signs of taste, yet none the best."
 He fain would "hope," but then his "hopes are small;"
 Nay, to speak truth, he has no hopes at all.*

* "And although there appear to be some signs of an improving taste, yet my hopes on this point, I confess, are small."
Men and Manners.

Such, then, are our prospects. Yet before we resign ourselves to that despair which necessarily follows the withdrawal of hope, and relinquish all expectation of eminence for the future, we propose to institute an inquiry how much the judgment of an Englishman on any of the arts may be worth; and for that purpose select part of a chapter from Baron D'Haussez on the

FINE ARTS IN ENGLAND.

"Prepossessed as we may be towards England, we are bound to admit that, in respect to the fine arts she is inferior to the least favoured nations. Perfection in them is hopeless without that natural tact, that impulse of taste, that yielding to rules of general assent, which are incompatible with the education and independent opinions of Englishmen. If true to nature and faithfully

He struts the sunny hours in BROADWAY,
And makes his due appearance at the play ;

portraying it, their's is a literal copy, which discards its nobler features. They never attempt an interpretation of it distinguished by its more dignified character, and free from those incidents which degrade without giving a greater impress of truth. The national taste favours and encourages this slothfulness of imagination, which confines artists to the mere description of facts divested of every suggestion of fancy. Their efforts, when they endeavour to shake off the trammels of habit, tend exclusively to exaggerate the defects of the objects they desire to represent. Thus it is that their imagination, instead of soaring above the common level, falls powerless at every attempt ; accordingly their drawing produces a caricature ; their theatre a tragedy or comedy alike at variance with all rules ; their music a mere sound ; their architecture a Buckingham House or the Brighton Pavilion.

PAINTING.

How can a different result be expected when the talents of artists could only be chastened and improved by that public taste which is not to be found in England ? Connoisseurs in objects of art are few among the English. Fashion or caprice guides them in the purchase of a picture. The pretended connoisseurs, the purchaser him-

Here his astonishment can scarce contain,
“ Certes not half so large as Drury Lane.

self, set a value upon it in proportion to its cost ; and the circumstances which usually determine its price are a sombre colour disguising every other object, the name of the supposed artist, the gallery understood to have contained it, if an old painting—if a modern one, the thickness of the colours, their heavy coating upon the canvass, the incorrectness of the lines (a defect which is graced with the name of freedom), a capricious composition, laying claim to originality, and especially to national character. A dearly purchased picture, however glaring its faults, is classed among the most valuable in a collection. The cicerone who points it out is careful to name the author ; he is answered by an admiring exclamation ; he tells the sum of money it has cost ; the picture is forthwith examined in its smallest details ; the beholder takes a distant view, then a nearer one ; he closes an eye, places his hand before the other in the form of a spy-glass, and, after spending a quarter of an hour in silent ecstacy, he retires with the utmost gravity, exclaiming, “ sublime ! prodigious ! ” avoiding, however, that analysis which would belie the conventional praise thus bestowed upon certain productions. The approbation of English connoisseurs is only to be obtained by launching into an exaggerated style even in those subjects to which it is least adapted. Chasteness of form

“And this your FORREST? must I speak the truth?”
“A puppet he, a moving stick in sooth.”

* “My curiosity was somewhat excited by the high reputation which an actor named *Forrest* has acquired in this country. As a tragedian, in the estimate of all American critics he stands *primus sine secundo*. To place him on a level with Kean, or Young, or Kemble, or Macready, would here be considered as an unwarrantable derogation from his merits. He is a Thespian without blemish and without rival. I have since seen this *rara avis*, and I confess that the praise so profusely lavished upon him does appear to me somewhat gratuitous. He is a coarse and vulgar actor; without grace, without dignity, with little flexibility of feature, and utterly commonplace in his conception of character. The audience, however, was enraptured. Every increase of voice from the actor was followed by louder thunders from box, pit, and gallery, till it sometimes became matter of serious calculation how much longer my tympanum could stand the crash.” *Men and Manners*, Vol. i. p. 136.

“I could not like this performer.”

Domestic Manners, &c.

and figure is deemed affectation; correctness of design is qualified as stiffness; delicate colouring as an obstacle

“How coarse, how vulgar, void of every grace,
“To hold a sneer exceeds all pow’r of face.

to the general effect. An adherence to truth in the adaptation of the colours would unquestionably find as little favour with judges so difficult to please, since the greater part of their paintings are wholly devoid of it.

ARCHITECTURE.

In classifying the relative degree of imperfection of the fine arts in England, architecture should be placed still lower than painting. It is almost reduced to the routine of heaping brick upon brick, without further order or symmetry than that necessary to create openings for doors and windows. If a house should be too small, another is built at the side of it, out of harmony with the first. English architects do not hesitate to place a beam on an arch, a small window by the side of a wide door, or a chimney at the angle of a building. Do they wish for ornaments? they can only find columns; they do not trouble themselves either with their proportions or their props. Their height is determined by the elevation of the edifice. They are placed in a cornice or on a balcony, with as little motive as there would be for placing them underneath: they are indifferently employed in ornamenting a shop, a palace, or a cottage.

Nor can even the praise of imitation be accorded to

“Sad is your comic, worse your tragic school,
“And HACKETT, at the most, is but a fool.”

English architecture. Witness the triumphal arch of the Green Park, and that of the palace destined to become the royal residence—a bold defiance of bad taste. One is tempted to ask, where the English can have conceived the idea of St. Paul’s, when one sees so many ridiculous edifices heaped round this *chef d’œuvre*.

The internal arrangement of the houses is in keeping with the poverty of their external decoration. The system is exactly the same for the house of a lord as for that of a tradesman; the difference exists only in the proportions. The taste of the architect goes for nothing in the ornamental portion. When he has built four walls so fragile that the roll of a carriage produces a general crepitation, placed horizontally as well as perpendicularly, separations which form ceilings and partition-walls, and added to these a narrow staircase of difficult ascent, which communicates with the three stories of this wretched house, his occupation is at an end.

In looking over the numerous heaps of habitations which have risen round the capital during the last half century, on the sea-coast, and in every place in which there has been a pretext to build, and in examining the architecture employed, it must be acknowledged that if the English know how to build towns, they do not know

Comes jovial MATTHEWS limping on the stage,
His witless stories none the best for age,

how to build houses. This arises from an abundance of capital and a penury of taste.

English architects do not succeed any better in the construction of palaces than in the building of plainer dwellings. London and Brighton, as well as other parts of the three kingdoms, offer proofs enough in support of the severe judgment which has been pronounced.

MUSIC.

The art of Music, like that of painting, is appreciated more by the expense which it involves, than by the real enjoyments it affords. Cultivated with little success by the English, it is scarcely followed as a profession, unless by foreigners, the more dearly paid, because they seek to find in the money which they gain, not only a recompense for their talent, but a compensation for the little interest which it inspires. If English voices afford little gratification, English ears are not over nice; the one is made for the other; and if, which never happens, the sounds of a sharp voice should distinctly strike the tympanum of an attentive auditory, it would not be affected in a disagreeable manner. By a habit of which people are not aware, and which can only originate in the little pleasure caused by music too often unworthy of at-

“ Most grateful ” for his kind receipt withal,
Opening the pages of his “ ANNUAL,”

tention, people do not listen ; and hence it is that an English concert is but a noise of instruments which mingles itself with the noise of conversations, rendered more deafening by the necessity which the talkers lie under of making their voices prevail over those of the singers. When this *charivari* has lasted the prescribed time, an end is put to it ; the artists are dismissed after having been well paid. If professional music is thus rewarded, one may imagine that amateurs are little encouraged to make this sort of talent available. They limit themselves to the feeble execution of pieces on the harp or piano, generally accompanied by a flute or the song of romances. Foreigners alone lend a willing attention. As for the English, they continue their conversations quite as much before amateurs as before artists. English musical compositions are happily rare, and are undistinguished by any nationality of character. Music and musicians, the country dances, and the orchestras which play them, the very hand-organs in the street, and the miserable wretches who turn them, are all drawn from the continent to London. It is, in reality, the wisest plan.

MUSICAL TASTE AND TALENT OF THE ENGLISH.

It is true I have vaunted the many other qualities which the English possess, sufficiently to be allowed to

Vending his patch'd and party-colour'd stuff,
A Scottish minstrel or a "GUMBO CUFF,"

say, that the nation is, perhaps, the least musical that I know. There are certainly some distinguished performers, and occasionally great talent to be met with in society; but the mass 'knows nothing about it.' The men in general do not comprehend or feel it; harmony has no power over their nerves; for the most part they look upon a musician as a secondary being, but they do not less go to the Opera to cry 'Brava, brava!' drawing out the first syllable of this word to a great length; and why? because it is good style to do so! In fact, there does not exist a single composer—at least as far as I know—in all Great Britain, excepting, perhaps, a Mr. Bishop, who is not without a certain talent, not for composing, but for arranging; for putting together the music he borrows from other nations; for a species of little opera or vaudeville, which should be called Anglo-Franco-Germano-Italiano—like a *salade eu Macedoine*, where all the ingredients are so mixed together that you do not know what you are eating. In Mr. Bishop's works may be detected many passages which seem like ancient acquaintances, to whom you are just going to give a name, when a stranger arriving, *à l'Anglaise*, puts your memory at fault. I could always anticipate the end of his duos, when sung on the stage, by the manœuvring of the two singers, who at this moment gene-

Cutting the antics of a mind "yet green,"
Or tossing in the gormandizing scene,*

* *The gormandizing scene.*—This is a very delightful part of Mr. Matthews's entertainment. It is a graphic description of the effects of a dinner at which he had eaten outrageously, and in consequence could not sleep a wink. He begs his gentle audience "not to be alarmed" at the exhibition, as "it must be done." So, bending down, he accoutres himself in night-cap and night-gown as quickly as any one could say Jack Robinson, and falls back into his couch. There he rolls and tosses about for at least twenty minutes or half an hour, in which time he describes minutely the effects of his ravenous meal—consisting of wines and porter without measure, and solids of such a varied description that it would be impossible to enumerate them. The exhibition, considering the refinement of it, as well as the length of time employed, is truly delectable.

rally retreat gradually each towards his or her respective side-scenes; so that the unfailing shake which finishes every English air, the applauses, and the bow or curtsy, fall exactly at the instant when there is nothing to be seen but the arms and head, the rest of the person having disappeared behind the scenes."

Count Melfort.

Much he admires his elegance of wit,
And echoes loud the applauses of the pit.

Such then is the taste and talent of the English in the eye of respectable foreigners, and whoever desires to know more about them may consult the pages of Puckler Muskau and other travellers. Fit and competent judges must they be to condemn us, and to deny the little merit we possess. Perhaps it would be well to pluck the beam out of their own eye, and bestow their criticisms on their own nation, if indeed it were not in vain to expend them on those who are utterly devoid of the natural taste to profit by them.

“Poeta nascitur, non fit.”

And so with painters and sculptors. That the fine arts have made small advance in this country, any intelligent American will concede. It is not the part of a reasonable man to expect from youth the acquirements of age; and it is worse than folly to reproach the want—in a nation so young as our own—of galleries of paintings, of splendid monuments in the arts, or of a national literature, as if Rome were built in a day. Time alone can produce a gradual accumulation of these. In the mean time let us foster the beginnings which have been made, and hope that the future, fraught with brilliant prospects for the rising America, will produce an era in the arts, when we shall be many generations farther

“Facetious MATTHEWS in my Britain born,
“Why from thine own ADELPHI art thou torn?
“Oh! shame to waste your fine delineation
“On such a sordid, ‘money-getting nation.’*
“And there’s my little BURKE, the Irish ROSCIUS,
“His talents are so varied, so precocious,
“I’m certain it is worth at least three guineas,
“To hear him play a tune of PAGANINI’S.
“In child-like majesty he struts the stage,
“Behold, indeed, the ROSCIUS of the age.
“How well he paints rage, anger, and remorse,
“How nobly he bawls out ‘a horse, a horse;’
“If boys improve with age like wine, why then
“Such wondrous children must make mighty men.
“MY BURKE before your natives a whole cargo,
“IN LEAR, SHYLOCK, RICHARD, and IAGO.”

removed from the phlegmatic nation from whom we derive our origin, and shall have established a distinct nationality.

* *Money-getting nation.*—Vide *Capt. Hall, Major Hamilton, and Mrs. Trollope, passim.*

He's quite a judge of music and the fair,
Looks through his glasses at the opera.
When FANTI sings he deigns to bend an ear,
And wills to listen to what gods might hear.
Sweet is her voice—her beauty how divine ;
Betwixt the bravos he exclaims “d—n fine.”
But one strange fact excites his wonder here,
That notes harmonious please the savage ear ;
That men to plodding cares inur'd so long
Import sweet music from the land of song.
“True,” he remarks, “these ladies have their graces ;
“I see some very interesting faces.”
From box to box his wand'ring vision roves,
He turns ; alas ! he turns to search his gloves.
Horror of horrors ! nearly at his right,
He sees—but what ? and startles at the sight.
On that fair neck not trammell'd with a shawl,
Where glossy curls in rich luxuriance fall,
A speckled snake he views in wild amaze,
Clasping that snowy neck in close embrace.*

* Miss L**** of New-York has been for some time in possession of a garter snake, which she caresses (horresco

He views its neck, in graceful curves arise,
Glance o'er her cheek and play before her eyes.
Ribbons and flow'rs it twines itself among,
Lifts its light head, and darts its forked tongue.
So the old serpent once in Eden's bowers,
Toy'd with our mother Eve and with the flowers.

referens !) and keeps almost constantly about her person. It is generally entwined about her neck with the head, and tail tastefully bound together with a pink ribbon. This security, however, is now laid aside, and it wanders in whatever direction it pleases. At the Opera, where this little serpent was first introduced to the notice of the fashionable world, it frequently crawled away, and lay extended at full length on the edge of the box, to the infinite horror of certain sensitive young persons and nervous old ones. With the exception of our mother Eve, the "Witch of Vesuvius," and some heathen of the old time, we know of few women who have possessed an affection for a snake. "De gustibus," however, "non disputandum." We find there is a man on Long Island who eats a black snake, head and all, for a shilling. Harken to this, ye scribblers! Here is a new trait in the savage nature of the Americans. Let it be recorded that the ladies wear about their necks the appendages of the furies.

Comes o'er his cheek the ashen hue of death,
 He gasps, he shudders, and he pants for breath;
 A dire quaking seizes on his frame,
 "Take me," he shrieks, "oh! take me whence I
 came."

Thus saying, in a well-dissembled fit,
 Falls tumbling from his box into the pit.
 Into the lobby they convey their treasure,
 And leave him to recover at his leisure.
 The breeze comes playing through the open door,
 His scanty senses soon return once more.
 "Oh heavens!" he cried, "Columbian ladies wear
 "Snakes round their necks, and owlets in their hair.
 "Henceforth, henceforth, their beauties I resign;
 "I'll trouble some one for a glass of wine."

* * *

So fine his taste, so exquisite his sense,
 Each passing moment brings him some offence;*

* The acute sensibility of these gentlemen is allied to that of Smindyides, who could not sleep, if among the roses with which his bed was strewed, a single leaf was accidentally *folded*.

A stifled cough, a hickup, or a sigh,
Throws in convulsions or compels to die.
On that degenerate wretch a thousand woes,
Who haply sneezes, or who blows his nose.
"Ignoble vulgar," yield a due respect,*
Bow down, bow down, and let him crush your neck!
Republican winds, be warm and mild, we pray ;
He takes an airing in the Park to-day !
Growl not, ye thunders ! fiercely overhead,
My lord is snugly slumbering in his bed !

Now from the town our trav'ller sallies forth,
To make at last a visit to the north.
Far from the confines of his murky home,
Midst brighter scenes, and lovelier climes to roam,

* We recollect a story of an Irish orator, who, when a poor boy and shabbily dressed, one day gained admission to the debates of a celebrated body. While attentively watching the progress of an argument, a sprig of nobility accosted him contemptuously with, "odi profanum vulgus," thereby seeking to display his learning. "Et arceo," rejoined the youth with spirit, at the same time applying his foot.

The unclouded sun, the azure skies he hates,
Because they beam on the UNITED STATES.

Sees he that sun in majesty arise,
Or bath'd in molten gold the evening skies ;
Each tint of Nature's pencil clear and bright,
And all creation basking in the light ;

"Give me," he cries, "the vapours of the bog,
"And wreath the landscape with an English fog."*

Over thy waves, majestic Hudson, borne,
He walks the deck with folded arms, forlorn ;
His eyes half closed—his head upon his breast,
Blaming the noisy wheels that mar his rest.

* This is no exaggeration. The "nil admirari" is applied to every thing which God has created in this uncivilized part of the world, whether men, brutes, or inanimate nature.

"To-night as I stood watching that surpassing sunset," remarks a late 'Journal,' "I would have given it all,—gold and purple and all,—for a wreath of English fog stealing over the water."

Hunc solem et stellas,

—————sunt qui formidine nullâ,

Imbuti spectent.

Hor.

"Lo," shouts his valet, in ecstatic mood,
"Dear ARISTARCHUS, what a noble flood !
"How skims our gallant barque along the tide,
"How boldly rise the hills on either side ;
"See snowy summits shooting to the skies,
"Rocks pil'd on rocks, and hills on hills arise."
"Pooh," he replies, "mere symptoms of a hill,
"The rocks but pebbles and the stream a rill ;
"With Britain's navy heaving on his side,
"How would old Father THAMES such stream de-
ride."

Arriv'd, at last, Niagara to scan,
He walks erect and feels himself a man ;
Surveys the cataract with a "critic's eye,"
Resolv'd to pass no "imperfections by."
Niag'ra, wonder of the Deity,
Where God's own spirit reigns in majesty.
With sullen roar the foaming billows sweep,
A world of waters thunders o'er the steep :
The unmingled colours laugh upon the spray,
And one eternal rainbow gilds the day.*

* "In a few minutes the sun burst forth, and the breeze

Oh! glorious God! Oh! scene surpassing all!

"True, true," quoth he, "*'tis something of a fall.*"

subsiding at the same time, permitted the spray to ascend perpendicularly. A host of pyramidal clouds rose majestically one after another from the abyss of the fall; and each, when it had ascended a little above the edge of the cataract, displayed a beautiful rainbow, which in a few moments was gradually transferred into the bosom of the cloud that immediately succeeded.

"The spray of the great fall had extended itself through a wide space directly over me, and receiving the full influence of the sun, exhibited a luminous and magnificent rainbow, which continued to overarch and irradiate the spot on which I stood, while I enthusiastically contemplated the indescribable scene."

VERSES

Written during a thunder storm in the Album at the Falls.

"Niagara! Niagara! careering in thy might,
The fierce and free Niagara shall be my theme to-night.
A glorious theme, a glorious name Niagara are mine,
Heaven's fire is on thy flashing wave, its thunder blends
with thine.

The clouds are bursting fearfully, the rocks beneath me
quiver,
And thou, unscathed, art hurrying on forever and forever.

Now, shall unpunish'd such a vagrant band,
Pour like the plagues of Egypt on the land,
Eying each fault, to all perfection blind,
Shedding the taint of a malignant mind?

Years touch thee not, Niagara, thou art a changeless
thing,

For still the same deep roundelay thy solemn waters sing.
The great, the proud of other lands, the wisest and the
best,

Must speak and think of little things, they have not seen
the West.

They have not seen the glorious West, nor in the forest
dwelt,

Where Nature's ever present God is most intensely felt.
There is a chainless spirit there whose throne no eye can
reach,

Awakening thoughts in human hearts, too deep for human
speech.

This is the shrine at which the heart is tutored to forget
Its former joy, its future hope, its sorrow, and regret.

For who that ever lingered there a single hour or twain,
Can think what he has thought, or be what he has been,
again.

Where'er the wand'rer's foot may roam, whate'er his lot
may be,

'Tis ever written on his heart that he has been with
THEE."

Shall disappointed TROLLOPE fret and vex,
 And in each vulgar page belie her sex?
 Shall Sanscrit FIDDLER all his wrongs declare?
 And cast his learning to the empty air;
 Wailing that wondrous absence of all grace,
 That sees a wandering parson want a place,
 While the town rings with FANNY'S verse sublime,
 Her weekly share of DELLA CRUSCAN rhyme;
 Her stanza's "to a star," or "to a flower,"
 Each written in less space than half an hour;
 And I not sing? if fools like these may write,
 The humblest muse may venture at a flight.
 To impress on each their own peculiar stamp,
 Subjects how worth the VENUSINIAN lamp!*
 Their doggerel verse—their prosing doubly poor,
 Nor gods—nor men—nor columns can endure.†
 Oh! waste of paper! ink, how vainly shed!
 Better to clap their *fools-cap* on their head.

* ————— Venusina digna lucernâ.

Juv. Sat. 1.

† Non homines, non dii, non concessere columnæ.

'Tis hard, indeed, to labour 'neath their curse,
 Yet still their blessing would be somewhat worse.
 Not males alone in thick battalion stand,
 We meet a fierce, an Amazonian band.
 With valiant air their poisoned darts are flung,
 They shake their threatening heads, and wag their
 tongue.

'Twas marvellous strange, at least in days of yore,
 When MÆVIA transfix'd the Tuscan boar.*
 She with bar'd breast, and bosom steel'd to fear,
 Rush'd on the prey, and launch'd the quivering spear.
 New wonders are reveal'd to modern ken,
 Since FANNY writes and TROLLOPE † wields the
 pen.

* Quum tener uxorem ducat spado, Mævia Tuscum,
 Figat aprum, et nuda teneat venabula mamma.

Juv. Sat. 1.

In the time of Domitian, some women had the impudence to appear in the amphitheatre, and there perform the part of gladiators. Tuscan boars were considered the fiercest.

† 'This lady, in addition to her "Domestic Manners of the Americans," has written of late several other works

Ye skill'd in lore, this strange enigma tell,
 Can deadly spleen in heavenly bosoms dwell ?
 Lo ! show'rs of ink, instead of blood, they spill ;
 Their shield of paper, and their sword a quill.
 Still does the age to ancient courses tend,
 " Of making many books there is no end."†

* —————. Tantæne animis celestibus iræ ?

Æn. 1.

† Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh.—Ecc. xi. 12.

of fiction, which are spoken of by the Reviews as characterized by her wonted vulgarity of expression and narrative, but devoid of the sprightliness and invention of the former. Her *forte* is evidently rough sketching ; her caricatures being of that broad description which we are accustomed to see in the pages of the Comic Almanacks. Her refined portraitures of various scenes in her adventures, as well as the accompanying illustrations and embellishments, plainly evince the natural bent of her genius.

Since her visit to the *Belgians*, she is considerably improved in style and manner, but shows her cloven foot in "Paris and the Parisians." Her last novel, from attempting to describe scenes in high life with which she is not familiar, is a failure.

How true though old, though old, yet still how fresh,
"Much study is a weariness of flesh."

Oh ! for the blest, the golden days of yore,
When authors kept their works nine years or more ;
With bold unsparing hand applied the file,
Read, studied, and reflected much the while ;
Then polish'd to the last degree, and bright,
With shrinking diffidence they sought the light.
Now authors "void their brains by loads," and boast
That he is greatest who can scrawl the most.

Books of all shapes, in quick succession hurl'd,
Stand boldly forth, and dare confront the world ;
While edg'd with gold, come tumbling in a mass
Ideas scarce worthy of an age of brass.

Reams upon reams with travellers notes, are spoil'd
And whitest leaves with blackest falsehoods soil'd.

Our authors now, are like mechanics made,
Each serves his lawful time, and learns a trade,—
An easy trade, to wander up and down,
Transcribing half the sign-boards in the town.*

* "I amused myself one morning by noting down a

Such strange devices are in every nook,
 Before one knows it one has made a book!

few of the signs over the shop doors. The following may perhaps interest some people :—

“Flour and Feed Store—Cheap Store—Clothing Store—
 —Cake Store and Bakery—Wine and Tea Store.”
 Very interesting truly!

“Liberty-Street—Amos-Street—Thirty-First Street—
 Avenue A. are all more or less characteristic. The following is a literal copy of the sign before the inn door at Brooklyn, all the places named being on Long Island :

COE S. DOWNING'S STAGE

& LIVERY STABLE.

HORSES and Carriages TO BE LET.

FLATBUSH and BATH—HEMPSTEAD—JAMAICA—JERUSALEM—
 WESTBURY—MOSQUETOE COVE—JERICHO—
 OYSTERBAY—HUNTINGTON—EASTWOODS—DIXHILL—
 BABYLON and ISLIP STAGE HOUSE.

[Although the above sign may “interest some people,” we think that the gentlemanly feelings of Capt. Hall would have restrained him from inserting it, had he been apprised of the fact that the HON. COE S. DOWNING, the worthy host of the mansion, is a member of the legislature, and withal a great man and of tender feelings. He has lately retired from the BAR, and has taken his

Ingenious TROLLOPE ! name for ever dear,
 Well known at home, but quite notorious here ;
 To you, as first and foremost in the band,
 I bow my obsequious head and kiss —— my hand !
 Oh smoothly—softly, flow this verse of mine,
 So sweet a name should grace a lay divine.
 Yield up the palm, ye scribblers great and small,
 FAUX—FEARON—FIDDLER—STUART—CAPTAIN
 HALL,*

perpetual seat on the legislative bench, where he is devoted to the interest of his constituents. He is what is called in vulgar language, a “whole HOG” man.]

“Wanted immediately, 4000 fat HOGS,
 For Sale 2,000 Barrels prime PORK.”

Trollope.

* Faux, Fearon, and Fidler, names little known or regarded on either side of the Atlantic, and indeed so utterly contemptible, that perhaps it requires some apology for dragging them out of obscurity. We shall not honour them, however, with any farther notice, with the exception of the latter, being desirous of exposing his ignorance of English grammar. We regret the necessity of throwing *Mr. Stuart* into such company, accustomed, as he has been, to good society. Yet there are

Behold your chief: she leads the line of march,
 Bedeck'd with ribbons, and bedaub'd with starch.
 Then rise, my muse, and strike the lyre again,
 A loftier theme demands a loftier strain.*
 Though warlike clamours shrill from female
 throats,
 And wand'ring critics dress'd in petticoats,
 Each taste delight not, nor each fancy please,
 Yet if my muse shall honour themes like these,

few persons that do not come into collision at some time or other with those of the "baser sort." It is not from any intentional disrespect, but merely to fill a blank in the measure for which we atone by this acknowledgment.

* Sicelides Musæ, paullo majora canamus.
 Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricæ.
 Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint consule dignæ.
 Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas :
 Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.

* * * *

— incipient magni procedere menses :
 Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
 Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.

————— divisque videbit
 Permixtos heroas, et ipse videbitur illis, etc.

"Favete linguis," for behold, I bring
 "Food for a prince and dishes for a king."
 Now have at last arriv'd those latter days,
 The gipsy sang in her prophetic lays.*
 The blessed months have now begun to roll,
 And if beneath thy heavenly control,
 A vestige of our savage life appear,
 That, wip'd away, shall free the world from fear.
 Yes, thou shalt roam—"DOMESTIC MANNERS" see,
 Gaze on the folk, and they shall gaze on thee.
 For thee, old dame, the gen'rous earth shall grant
 Her richest off'ring of tobacco-plant;
 While thy sweet name shall spread the States around,
 And, TROLLOPE, TROLLOPE, all the land resound.

* When Mrs. Trollope was a gentle Miss in her teens, she crossed the hand of a wandering gipsy with a sixpence, in consequence of which, her fate and fortunes were exactly told. That she should pass the "vasty deep," reside for a period in a remote corner of the New World—be disappointed at first in the object of her visit, but that wealth and fame (notoriety) should at length attend her. All the world are aware of the fulfilment of this prediction.

Oh! happy we! oh! thrice and four times blest,*
That thou e'er journey'd to the distant west;

* We knew that we were much, very much indebted to Mrs. Trollope for the salutary lessons which she has afforded us; but it appears that we are rather more so than we suspected. In order that our countrymen may rightly appreciate the extent and magnitude of our debt,—that they may be aware of the fact that we no longer dare to stand up—to sit down—to eat—to drink—to talk—to walk—to laugh—to cry like other people, for very fear of offending, we extract the following disgusting piece of impertinence from the London Court Journal. Let it pass for what it is worth. If we were really mindful, as the "Journal" would have us imagine, of the constant swaggering of the heartless fops and coxcombs of London—of the sleepy productions of all the book-makers who visit our shores, we should be for ever in agitation. But we flatter ourselves that this exquisite sensitiveness to opinions, warped as they are by passion and prejudice, and embittered by disappointed schemes and hopes—if it exists at all—is fast wearing away; and that we shall either pass by their future observations in utter silence, or only peruse them to despise their ingratitude—to laugh at their arrogance, and to ridicule their errors. Why should a great nation—confessedly great, though still in its infancy—whose institutions are

And failing there, alas ! in thy "BAZAAR,"
Hast made "DOMESTIC MANNERS" all thy care.
Soon may we see the happy era dawn,
When men no more shall spit, no more shall yawn ;

regarded with interest by all the oppressed on earth—
be suddenly thrown into agitations and convulsions by the
scurrilous attack of any English scribbler !

One thing, however, is certain. These priests of evil
may for a while annoy, but they cannot check. Their
futile vituperations ———

But to the London Court Journal:—"Even national
manners are swayed by trivial influences. The publi-
cations of *Mrs. Trollope's* book has been fatal, for in-
stance, to the Americans. Embarrassed to find them-
selves held up as objects of ridicule to the eyes of Eu-
rope, they no longer dare to sit or stand, walk or talk,
like other people. The fear of the caricature is ever
before them ; and they are now so studiously polite, so
laboriously genteel, so fastidiously aristocratic, so ultra
Europeanly European, that Lieut. Holman might pick
out an American by instinct in any mixed circle of Lon-
don, Paris, or Naples. We are half inclined to implore
these pseudo-Chesterfieldians to study the unpretending
simplicity of the English court."

Luxuriate at the play without a coat,*
 Or stock or kerchief to molest the throat ;

* Vide one of the embellishments of Mrs. Trollope's work, (a box at the theatre) in which a man in shirt sleeves is represented on the edge of it with his whole back to the pit. This picture is purely imaginative. While mentioning theatricals, we take the opportunity of comparing *Mrs. Trollope's* and *Puckler Muskau's* accounts of American and English theatres:—"The theatre was really not a bad one, though the very poor receipts rendered it impossible to keep it in high order; but an annoyance infinitely greater than decorations indifferently clean, was the style and manner of the audience. The bearing and attitudes of the men are perfectly indescribable; the heels thrown higher than the head, the entire rear of the person presented to the audience. The noises, too, were perpetual, and of the most unpleasant kind."

Domestic Manners.

"The most striking thing to a foreigner in English theatres, is the unheard-of coarseness and brutality of the audiences. The consequence of this is, that the higher and more civilized classes go only to the Italian Opera, and very rarely visit their national theatre. English freedom here degenerates into the rudest license, and it is not uncommon, in the midst of the most affecting part of a tragedy, or the most charming 'cadenza'

When each barbarity shall yield apace,
To polish'd wit and Chesterfieldian grace ;
All that offends the taste no more be known,
And her bland manners stamp'd upon our own.
Why should we strive to enhance her glory now,*
And wreath more laurels 'round her deathless
brow ?

of a singer, to hear some coarse expression shouted from the galleries in stentor voice. This is followed, according to the taste of the bystanders, either by loud laughter and approbation, or by the castigation and expulsion of the offender. Whichever turn the thing takes, you can hear nothing that is passing on the stage. Such things happen not once, but sometimes twenty times, during a performance." *Travels of a German Prince.*

* There have been divers opinions set forth with regard to the birth, parentage, and occupations of sweet Mistress Trollope. It has been to some persons a matter of doubt whether she had been a washerwoman, a seamstress, a midwife, or a chambermaid ; while others declare (so eventful has her life been) that there are pretty strong reasons for believing that she has had a little experience at all. That she circulated among good families in this country, will not go to disprove these opinions ; and that her husband was a "barrister in extensive practice in England"—as we have heard

Full well, I ween, her everlasting fame,
In black and white is stamp'd upon her name.

it alleged—will not account for her previous life. We have new authority of late. *Mrs. Butler* remarks, that she was “certainly not a lady.” Amen. But where do we obtain *proof* of this? We read the “*Domestic Manners*,” and there have *quod erat demonstrandum* to our heart’s content. Since then, the important point is settled that she is *not* a lady, it is very natural to decide that she has graced one or other of the above-mentioned professions. Her cis-Atlantic history may be briefly told. We find her first (nobody knows whence she came, or how she arrived there) sailing up the Mississippi in a steamer. This appears to be a strange mode of reading the manners of the people, beginning, like a Hebrew book, at the fag end. We know certain impatient persons who read novels in this manner, and perhaps it is the better way, for thereby they devour the catastrophe at once.

It was on board of this boat that *Mrs. Trollope* fell in with a couple of hundred of genuine “screamers” from Kentucky—a class of men who whip their weight in wild cats—fly through a crab-apple orchard like a flash of lightning—and grin the bark from a tree without remorse. From these she derived her first impressions, and very cruelly cut off the head of the American people at a blow.

She in the garments of a slattern dress'd,
A TROLLOPE is, a trollop stands confest.
Pray heaven defend her life; but since the muse
Not only would the shafts of satire use,
To war with those who war with common sense,
And pierce the brazen shield of Impudence;
But justly claims it as her province too,
To give to worth and virtue all their due;
Oh! GRANT of LAGGAN, list the unpolish'd lay,*
Sincerely offer'd at so late a day,

After a time we find her at Cincinnati, the great hog market of the West, busily employed in *sketching*. There she built the Bazaar, a strange, uncouth, barbaric looking building, as Hamilton observes, and of what order of architecture it would be difficult to tell. Unhappily it did not answer the purpose for which it was intended, and the speculation proved a bad one. Her husband returned to Europe to place Master Trollope at college, (credat Judæus!) and she, having visited New-York and the Atlantic cities, completed her notes, and came down upon the world with the far-famed "Domestic Manners of the Americans."

* *Mrs. Grant of Laggan*. This interesting lady, the well-known authoress of the "Memoirs of an American

For many a kind and unaffected page,
Painting the manners of that guileless age,

Lady," is still living. *Grant Thorburn*, that man of curiosities and that curiosity of a man, in his "Men and Manners in Britain, or a bone to gnaw for the Trollopes," on which bone, by the way, there is considerable meat, gives the following account of a recent interview :

"*Mrs. Grant of Laggan*, is well known to the literary world. Her book on the superstitions of the *Highlanders and Cottagers of Glenbirnie* has been much extolled ; but her work entitled 'The American Lady,' published in New-York in 1814, is considered her *chef d'œuvre*. In giving the history of *Aunt Schuyler* she has admirably portrayed the primitive simplicity of the worthy Dutch settlers, true to nature and to the letter. For a considerable period, she was believed to be the writer of 'Tales of my Landlord.' On the 5th of February, at 11 o'clock in the morning, I called to see this venerable lady. The servant informed me that she never saw company until after 2 o'clock. As she is now upwards of fourscore years old, and as many of the gentry in Edinburgh and London go to bed at sunrise and get up when the sun goes down, (for I was more than once invited to dine in both cities at 9 o'clock P. M.) I thought, perhaps, she is not yet up. Said I, 'Is she up?'—'She is.'—'Is she dressed?' 'She is.'

When unrestrain'd by fashion or by art,
Each honest impulse issued from the heart.

“I had travelled some distance through a thick Scotch mist to see this interesting woman, and was loth to measure the same ground twice without effecting my object. I took out my card. Says I, ‘Give this to your mistress, and say to her that I shall consider it a particular favour if she will grant me only three minutes’ conversation.’ The girl returned immediately and said, ‘Will you please walk up stairs?’ In the midst of an elegant parlour sat the old lady with her back to the fire, and before her a desk covered with books and writing materials. ‘Be so good, Sir,’ said she, ‘as to hand yourself a chair, and sit down by me. I am not so able now to wait upon my friends as I was sixty or seventy years ago.’ Then raising my card, (it was printed, Grant Thorburn, New-York) she placed her finger upon N. Y. and observed, ‘This is a pass for me at any hour.’ We sat and conversed for hours. They seemed as minutes. She spoke of the time when Niagara was the only fort on the Northern frontier. Her father was an officer in the regiment stationed there nearly eighty years ago. She referred to the days when the Cuylers, the Van Rensselaers, the Schuylers, the Delancys, the Van Courtlandts, the Tenbrooks, and the Beekmans were her playmates at school. When I informed her that I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with many of the descend-

What time with lightsome step the roseate throng
Press'd the green fields which echoed to their song,

ants of these worthies, and that they were a race in no way degenerated, her filmy eyes glistened with pleasure. She remembered Albany when it contained only two streets; one on the bank of the river; the other, (now State-street,) running down from the old fort on the top of the hill. In the centre of this street stood the market. The only butcher was an Indian, and instead of huxter women there sat the Squaw with her moccasins and beads, wampum and wild fruit. Mrs. Grant alluded to the unsophisticated time in the history of the past, when the lads and lasses of Albany, brothers, sisters,—the boys with gun, axe, and fishing tackle—the girls with their knitting work, cakes, pies, tea and sugar, sallied out into the woods of a fine summer's morning to spend the long day in innocent amusement; to gather and eat wild fruit more sweet from the hand of each one's favourite lassie, and to tell their tales of honest affection. As she rehearsed these scenes, the days of 'auld lang Syne' seemed to start from their long slumber. 'Ah! these were happy days,' said she; and her dim eyes were lighted up like the flickering blaze of an expiring lamp. She made pointed inquiries after the widow of the much-lamented Hamilton, with whom she was a schoolmate. At length we parted, mutually wishing for that preparation of the heart, which alone

Or sought the forest there in guiltless play,
 To spend the hours of a summer's day ;
 The dainty feast on turfy velvet laid,
 The jovial dance beneath the quivering shade,
 The wild wood flow'rs received with accents bland,
 More sweet from one's own favourite lassie's hand ;
 How hast thou pictured all, and through the whole
 Infused the kindness of a woman's soul.
 And still thou liv'st, bless'd in thy hoary age,
 Thy name and fame still honoured as thy page,
 Dear to my muse, and to my country dear,
 May lenient nature grant thy hundredth year.

And thou, too, STUART, whose ingenuous heart*
 Would the whole truth, and but the truth impart ;

fits us for entering the world where separation is impossible."

* *Stuart*. This gentleman, whose respectable work appeared a few years since, is not one of those whose opinions are founded upon a few weeks' or a few months' observation, or in some instances (as we have hinted) on no observation at all: he remained three years in the country, surveyed its institutions leisurely and with care ;

Nor to our merits nor our errors blind,
 The one approving, to the other kind ;—
 To thee the tribute of our praise belongs,
 One honest man among the scribbling throngs.
 But here we end our panegyric strain,
 And fools and critics be our theme again.
 Rak'd from the thick-laid dust of many a year,
 Forgotten MELLISH* once again appear.

—thus having time to correct his judgment where erroneous—and, being free from prejudice, has bestowed praise and censure where they were justly due. In more instances than one he has detected the misrepresentations of Mrs. Trollope, and exposed the sophistries of Capt. Hall, whose rank toryism made him as blind as a bat.

* *Mr. John Mellish*, a Scotchman, put forth two lumbering volumes of "Travels" in 1812. We had the pleasure of obtaining a copy lately, and performed the friendly task of cutting the leaves. He must have been of most plodding and industrious habits; for the work, which is an armfull of itself, is a mass of materials, not only the abortions of his own brain, but gathered from every possible quarter; so that whoever would follow *Mr. Mellish* a thousand miles, must go with him through at least the same number of pages. This is a journey

Sure industry like his was never known,
And leaden DULNESS claimed him as her own.

which few persons have probably ever performed. It is doubtful whether such a mass of insipidity, in the shape of travels, has been before or since presented to the public. Unlike most travellers in America, his pages are of such a uniform dulness, that they are scarcely ever variegated with a lie; although there may be some "lapsus linguæ" in favour of his native Scotia, in accordance with that maxim of Johnson, that "there are few Scotchmen who do not love Scotland better than truth." As the reader, no doubt, feels some curiosity about the work, we cannot refrain from presenting a few specimens. *Mr. Mellish* frequently gives a minute description of his meals. In this he is imitated by Hamilton, who departs, however, from the unpretending simplicity of the Scotchman, describes the whole process of mastication, and speaks of a breakfast on board a steamboat, with the same pomposity as of a royal banquet. But let *Mr. Mellish* speak.

"When breakfast was announced, I went into the parlour, where a very handsome young lady was seated at the breakfast-table to pour out the tea, and the articles before her were so numerous that I could not help taking an inventory of them.

Table.

Table-cloth.

Sadly profuse of paper and of ink,
His ponderous tomes were only made to sink—

Tea-tray.
Two metal tea-pots.
One metal milk-pot.
Sugar bowl.
China cup.
Egg cups (?)
Silver sugar tongs.
Silver tea-spoons.
Silver castor, with six cut crystal glasses.
Carving knife and fork.
Common knife and fork.
Tea and Sugar.
Cream, bread and butter.
Toast and butter.
Beef steak,
Eggs.
Cheese and crackers.
Potatoes and beets.
Salt.
Vinegar.
Black pepper and Cayenne pepper (!!!)

Another Specimen.

“The blacks are generally as well fed, and nearly as

Sink in oblivion's tide, and, spite his care,
To slumber in eternal silence there.

well clothed, as the white people ; and it is questionable whether they work so hard. A gentleman of very excellent information told me that he did not think the produce of their labour was equal to their maintenance. Still, however, slavery, under any amelioration, is a bitter draught ; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of it, it is no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship ; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious heaven ! give me but health, thou great bestower of it ! and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres if it seem good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them. "The *insecurity of land titles have also been much against the State, not only by preventing emigrants of property from going to it, but also by encouraging*", &c.

This, we think, our readers will be inclined to allow a very excellent example of the Bathos. There can be in the "lowest depth" no "lower deep" than this, certainly. *Mr. Mellish*, however, notwithstanding his want

Oh ! had kind Nature gifted him with taste,
Nor had he made of brains so large a waste,
His *good intentions* might have serv'd to keep
The ill-starr'd volumes from their early sleep.
Lo ! take a sample :—" Ere the sun went down
" Six souls, agog, we came to such a town ;
" Where, judging it most fit to make a rest,
" The ' UNION HOUSE ' receiv'd me as a guest.
" A handsomer town, I think, I have seen never,
" And through the midst there flows a limpid river.
" I ask'd the landlord most especially,
" What trades and what professions there might be,
" And what the state of things in gen'ral there ;
" A very honest man : he said there were
" Two butchers and one barber, and one baker,
" Three smutty blacksmiths, and an undertaker ;

of elegance, is a well-meaning man, and many degrees higher than *Mr. Ash*, and certain other romancers, of whom he takes the opportunity of expressing his supreme contempt. We believe that he has published several maps and charts, which are quite accurate. In all conscience, let us bestow honour where it is due.

- “ Ten shopmen, twenty doctors, a Scotch pastor,
“ A jack-of-all-trades, and a dancing-master ;
“ Twelve lawyers—a great number—and a teacher,
“ Non-reform'd Cath'lic, and reform'd Dutch preach-
er.
“ I tarried here at night, and ere the morn,
“ Was rous'd from slumber by the travelling horn.
“ The land was rich through which the journey
passes ;
“ I notic'd sheep, cows, horses, oxen, asses.
“ I viewed the hills and dales by the light o' the
moon,
“ And thought of the banks and braes of Bonny
Doon ;
“ And as the road was tedious and quite hilly,
“ I sang my favourite song of ' Muirland Willie.'
“ 'Tis very sweet, though rather long, I fear ;
“ To please my readers I will write it here.
“ At length our stage coach, which was No. 1,
“ Drew up and halted at the ' Rising Sun ;'
“ So, hobbling out as well as I was able,
“ I took my seat before the breakfast table.

- “ So varied was the feast, (to help my story)
“ I thought it best to take an inventory.
“ First, then, I noticed a sweet lady there,
“ With large blue eyes and glossy flaxen hair ;
“ She was attentive, as I thought, to me,
“ She did the honours and poured out the tea.
“ There were chairs, carpet, table, and so forth,
“ And on the table was a table-cloth ;
“ A silver castor, and six crystal glasses,
“ Such as one does not see where'er he passes ;
“ Five plates, one broken, all the others whole,
“ Six china tea-cups and a sugar bowl ;
“ Potatoes, eggs, and crackers, and beef steak,
“ Bread, butter, bacon, toast and jonny-cake ;
“ Green Hyson tea, and coffee smoking hot,
“ A metal tea-urn, and a coffee-pot.
“ All these partic'lers may seem out of season,
“ But let my good intentions be my reason.
“ For there are certain lying travellers who,
“ For lack of something better else to do,
“ Have said these people have but little good,
“ And would make all believe it, if they could.

“ And my design is, in few words to show

“ That they have no just cause for saying so ;

“ And for such libel do, in want of bail,

“ Richly deserve tar, feathers, and a rail.

“ I've said the house was call'd the ' Rising Sun,'

“ And like that vast orb, was for ' every one ;'

“ The host politely show'd the whole concern,

“ A house, a hovel, corn-crib, and a barn.

“ In the latter he had horses,—one nam'd CATO,

“ The second WASHINGTON, the third one PLATO,

“ The fourth one NEBUCHADNEZZAR who could
‘ spin it,'

“ He told me, on his oath, three miles a minute.

“ This I believed, although I thought the while,

“ He must have meant three minutes to a mile.

“ But to be brief—though brevity is hard—

“ We next proceeded to the poultry-yard ;

“ I saw some turkeys making a great splutter,

“ And ducks and geese carousing in a gutter.

“ I have much more of interest to say,

“ But here I end my journal for the day.”

And here, perhaps, the world had thought you
clever,

Had you, dear Sir, but ended it for ever ;
Resum'd the crook, resought your mountain rills,
And fed your flocks upon the Grampian hills.
When humble shepherds go beyond the crook,
And write—not poesy—but a prosing book,
If sense prevail not, they have stepp'd too far,
Though they cry mercy ! yet the world cry bah !

Oh ! gallant CAPT. HALL, who fain would be*
A ruler on the land as well as sea ;

* *Capt. Hall.* Some very plausible opinions have been broached in the preface to the American edition of Mrs. Trollope, with regard to the identity of that personage with Capt. Basil Hall ; and the writer thinks that he proves to the satisfaction of every one, that either “ the captain is Mrs. Trollope in breeches, or that Mrs. Trollope is Capt. Hall in petticoats,” and which is which, it matters not, “ except to the English ladies, who will, no doubt, be grateful to him for his vindication of their manners and character.” We must confess, however, that we should be exceedingly loth to cherish the idea of their identity, even though we were convinced of it. For in that case we should lose the pleasure derived from

Thou to whom men and manners are well known,
In temp'rate, torrid, or in frigid zone ;

considering them in their separate characters, and all our fairy imaginings of Mrs. Trollope—interwoven as they are in our thoughts like some tale of the nursery, would be destroyed at once. Moreover, it would be quite too much for the Captain's shoulders, already groaning under their own responsibilities. But we cannot coincide with the author of the preface on the identity. The first part of the argument, which is of the negative kind, proceeds upon the false supposition that Mrs. Trollope is a "lady," and that from the internal evidence which the book affords, (the Domestic Manners) from the absence of female delicacy and the disregard of every nice decorum, *she* could not have written it: *ergo* he wrote it. "I think it quite impossible," he remarks, "that an English lady, even with the best and kindest intentions in the world, should condescend to become a spy into the domestic habits and economy of the females of any country, with the view of exposing them to the world; although, as we observed before, she has been quite moderate, having the examples of Messrs. Fearon, Fawkes, and above all, the famous Baron Munchausen before her. A sensible, well-bred English lady would feel too much for the reputation of that sex, in whose estimation she was so deeply interested, to become the instrument of cheapening and degrading it in the eyes of mankind.

Some slight regard at least is due to you,
Illustrious explorer of Loo CHOO.

She would rather give them credit for their domestic habits, than ridicule them for what she might be pleased to call their stupidity, in preferring to be useful at home rather than be notorious abroad; nor do I believe any respectable, well-principled English lady would laugh at their propensity to make themselves useful by attending to the duties of charity, or more than useful by an observance of the offices of religion. An English lady, doubtless would scarcely descend to that singular minutiae of painting in which our author so frequently indulges herself. I allude to the 'Stories of the bugs,'—the curious descriptions and innuendoes of the camp-meeting scene, the episode of the amorous parson, the dialogue between Miss Clarissa and Mr. Smith, illustrated so happily by the accompanying plate; and, above all, the representation of the scene at the theatre, and the young lady half-dressed at the toilet. It will be seen that this last is sketched by a Mr. Hervieu, who, of course, must have been present in the lady's dressing-room while the operation was going on, or, like another peeping Tom, looked through the key-hole. The English ladies are not what I believe them to be, if they or any one of them would so far forget what was due to themselves and the character of their country, as to lend their names and sanction to a gross violation of the

Your sage advice (to speak the truth) will stand
Far better on the water than on land.

common decorum of life, and an exposure in itself not only treacherous but indecent. No lady, I venture to say, of any nation, would stand godmother to a book *embellished* with such illustrations as accompany the "Domestic Manners of the Americans;" and I owe it to the publishers to state that they had some scruples about perpetrating those gross and indelicate caricatures, but were at length induced to waive their modesty on the occasion, from a desire to initiate their American readers into an idea of the refinement and delicacy of this travelling lady."

Such is a part of the argument, which is very good as far as it goes; but it merely proves that no English "lady" could have written the book. Here we coincide. But we have shown that Mrs. Trollope is no lady, and her very name would be sufficient evidence on that point—but a coarse, vulgar woman. Why then not admit the genuineness of the work, since she is the very one from whom we might expect such delineations. But apart from this, her writings are too strongly characterized to be mistaken, notwithstanding there is a close resemblance of Capt. Hall in more points than one. If she resembles him in the ardour of her loyalty, in the virulence of her attacks, and in constant adherence to a

Then howl your orders on the watery main,
 Resume the trumpet and resign the pen ;
 Be all your pennons and each sail unfurl'd,
 But don't inflict more "Travels" on the world.
 If once again the breeze shall waft you here,
 Regard us not with eyes so dim and blear,
 But take those Tory glasses from your sight,
 And you'll see matters in a different light.
 And yet, methinks, magnanimous CAPT. HALL,
 That I could list to you, nay more, to all,
 All who, escap'd from bailiffs and from duns,
 Have cross'd the deep to tell Columbia's sons
 That they are more uncouth, more barbarous too,
 Than the untutor'd savage of LOO CHOO ;
 Could hear them rail at every institution,
 And read their pages on the Constitution,
 With mute attention and an equal mind,
 Ev'n though I deemed their judgment headlong,
 blind.

determination to be pleased with nothing, yet surely, in
 superlative vulgarity she is like nobody but herself.

But their foul page no longer can I bear,
 When their malignant tongues revile the fair.
 Ye to whose hearts the gentler sex is dear,
 Ye am'rous beaux, and all ye lovers, hear
 What fleeting charms are those which ye admire,*
 How soon the flame which burns you must expire.
 "Though sweet your maids, alas ! their charms di-
 vine
 " Fade like the ghosts of Banquo's fated line.

* "Unfortunately beauty in this climate is not durable. Like the ghosts of Banquo's fated line, it comes like a shadow, and so departs. At one or two-and-twenty the bloom of an American lady is gone, and the more substantial materials of beauty follow soon after. At thirty, the whole fabric is in decay." *Men and Manners.*

Alas ! how sad is the reflection, that the only thing which arrives at perfection beneath these unpropitious skies, is doomed to be more evanescent than "the early cloud or than the morning dew."

"Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
 Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
 Rugis et instanti senectæ
 Afferet indomitæque morti."

“ At sixteen is the rose-bud fully blown,
“ At eighteen are its tints and sweetness gone ;
“ At twenty sad, dejected is their case,
“ Each line of lingering beauty leaves the face ;
“ At thirty (Heav'n defend them from the day)
“ Wreck'd is the fabric—ruin'd—in decay !”
Ye self-styl'd judges ! recreants to the truth,
Tell in what clime the purple light of youth.
For ever beams, save in the courts above,
At God's right hand, whose attribute is Love.
There, age can never come, nor wrinkles vile
Dispute the sweet dominion of a smile.
Flow'rets of earth, when spring returns anew,
Refresh'd by balmy winds, and sparkling dew,
Sip the bright draught, their lovely breasts unfold,
Tinted with rich carnation or with gold.
But soon to fostering warmth, and breezes kind,
Succeed the winter's frost and nipping wind ;
Then trampled on the chill, cold earth they lie,
And in their very pride of beauty die.
Fair types of Earth ! thus earthly hopes must fall,
And woman shares the common lot of all.

Then oh! while beauty knows her transient
hour,

Bend at her shrine, and worship and adore ;
Bask in her smile, her kiss of sweetness prove,
Rich as the ripe, the nectar'd lip of Jove.

Fair woman ! call her by what name in life,
Girl—maiden—damsel—gentle virgin—wife,
(Words of most bland acceptance, titles dear,
Melting like linked music on the ear)—

Her taste can form, her influence can amend,
The sister Graces on her steps attend.

Her radiant beauty softens by its glow,
As moonlight melts the rugged scenes below.

'Tis she and not a British scribbler's page

That can reform the manners of the age ;

Then coxcomb HAMILTON withhold your care,

Consign both "men and manners" to the fair.

To them I would commend my humble lays,

And leave a graceless theme to hymn their
praise.

But hark !—what sounds confuse me as I sing ?

Appears to me I hear a *fiddle-string* !

In the name of Holiness whom have we here?
The Reverend ISAAC FIDDLER draweth near.*

* *Rev. Isaac Fiddler.* The title of this gentleman's book is in the words following, to wit:

Observations
on
Professions, Literature, Manners
and
Emigration
in the
United States and Canada,
made during a residence there in
1832.

BY THE REV. ISAAC FIDDLER.

For a short time missionary of Thornhill on Yonge-street,
Near York, Upper Canada.

To sum up in a few words the merits of this work, it is a medley of arrogance, vanity, ignorance, pedantry, sturdy impudence and flat recitals. It is composed, for the most part, of insipid tales, anecdotes, stories and illustrations—of the opinions of servants, painters, tallow-

Lift high the gates ! a ministerial ASS—

Lift high the gates, and let his Reverence pass.

chandlers and others, "whose nativity to the transatlantic soil or long residence in the country" the author hopes "may entitle their statements to respect." When we add that there is plenty of bare assertions without evidence, and that the writer is "sensible that the period which he spent in the U. S. was too short to allow of such maturity to his observations as to make them of value," we leave it to the "judicious" to estimate their utility. To show the "fitting self-confidence" of the man, we annex a few extracts, and an amusing account of his escape from the Bostonian "Den of Lions."

"To this, (opening a school) I merely observed, that I never before felt so strongly the force of Alexander's reply when asked if he could contend at the Olympic games. 'I could readily contend,' he answered, 'if kings were my competitors.' If clergymen of *eminence in learning* were frequently so engaged, I could open a day-school in your country. But, at present I will content myself with pushing my inquiries. I continued, therefore, to be arranging my Sanscrit work."

"On hearing frequently such assertions of the Americans, I was speechless from wonderment. I had gone with an expectation of employing *greater than ordinary acquirements* for their improvement; yet should things

In him behold the sacred man of pelf,
 Whose father had a cow that suck'd herself!*

* *Whose father had a cow, &c.* He commences one of his stories with "my father had a cow that drew her own milk." Some one has remarked, very aptly, that it is pretty apparent that he had a *calf* also.

prove as they told me, I must be a useless teacher at the first, and must have additional learning to acquire before I could find employment.

"Dr. M. made a polite remark. 'We derive our principles of freedom,' said he, 'from the English nation, whom we regard as our parents and brothers. *Those of the best class*, who come over, bring with them a spirit of independence, which the Americans admire.' I felt flattered by this delicate compliment.

"When, on my first arrival in the States, I mentioned to several scholars my surprise at the extreme low state of learning and the professions, I was always answered thus, 'New-York is not a literary but a commercial city. If you are desirous of seeing the Lions of American literature, go to Boston.' As I had long been engaged in such studies, and had lately arrived from London, the hot-bed of languages, arts, and sciences, I thought I could have little to apprehend from any Orientalist in

Teacher of SANSKRIT, chaplain to the band,
Lo! now two wand'ring FIDDLERS in the land.*

* We are not lacking in vagrants of every description from abroad. There is at present a fiddler or a piper,

the United States. I therefore summoned up a fitting self-confidence, expecting with my new friend a trial of skill. 'Do you, Dr. J., understand these authors?' I asked. 'I have some knowledge of them,' he replied, 'but not very extensive.' He then took up a German selection of Sanscrit passages from several authors. He requested me to read, which I did; and when I paused and perceived that he made no inquiries, I began to suspect that he did not understand the language. I therefore requested him to tell me if he knew the letters. His answer amused me. 'I have written them over several times, but the truth is, they are so confoundedly difficult that I could never remember them. I have seen some accounts respecting the language, and it is a very engaging study.' To this latter statement, I, of course, agreed, adding that the Sanscrit, &c., &c.

"On the day following I paid a second visit to Dr. J., and read over to him some Persian and Hindoostanee. I then requested him to allow me the pleasure of hearing his pronunciation of some Persian sentences, but he begged that I would dispense with the performance of it.

One moves from street to street, from door to door,
 And pipes and scrapes and fiddles for the poor ;
 But Zion's minstrel more attach'd to pelf,
 Enlightens all the world to load himself.
 Oh! ISAAC FIDDLER ! " Phœbus what a name,
 " To fill the speaking trump of future fame !"

W. H. D. ?
 I know not which, who is making a peregrination through the United States, and attracting no small attention. He is reputed to be a distinguished personage in his own country, and travels in this disguise in order to the settlement of a bet respecting the generosity of Americans. He receives the contributions of the crowd, keeps a regular account of his receipts, and pretends to bestow the entire amount of them on the various institutions of the country.

Had I not been well able to penetrate into the den of the Bostonian lions, and to estimate its profundity and extent, I might have quitted that celebrated place with the erroneous impression that it contains at least one extraordinary linguist. But I must confess, that it appears not a little amusing that every thing of literature in the United States with which one grapples, dwindles into mere pretence and vanishes into air."

How will some coming age the man revere,
 And hold him as the dauntless pioneer,
 Who, skill'd to teach, and honour'd in the chur
 Wielding alike the gospel and the birch,
 First cross'd the mighty ocean, fiddle-DD,
 To teach the United States Hindoostanee !
 'Twas hard his lore should lie like letters dead,
 Pack'd in the well-stor'd treasury of his head,
 Or that such genius should in gloom expire,
 Whose *orient* beams might set the world on fire.
 'Tis "passing strange," and pitiful as true,
 So learn'd a man so hard a fortune knew ;
 And "wondrous pitiful," and rather hard,
 That his own Britain paid no meet reward,
 But left him, ~~unbefriended~~ and unknown,*
 To grope his course and steer his way alone ;

* Here is an enigma which needs solution. Mr. Fidler, as we have seen, is a man of more than ordinary acquirements, and yet he was permitted to pine and languish at home, although he expressly declares that when merit makes itself conspicuous in England it meets with a bountiful reward. The fact is, this disgusting

To seek in sad despair the Atlantic shore,
 (" Long sufferings both by sea and land he bore.")*

pedant had a mere smattering of Eastern languages, and knew little more than to read the characters; yet he could talk boldly. "Empty vessels sound loudest." The following passages we think are somewhat incongruous :

" There is hardly any village in England which does not possess residents of greater learning than is to be found in almost any large town in the United States. No man there, who possesses more than ordinary learning, can remain long unnoticed. The nobility are bountiful rewarders of merit, when it makes itself conspicuous."

" Dissatisfaction with the state of things in my own country, by which, as I concluded, I had hitherto been kept back in my fortune, &c. Educated for the church, but destitute of interest or patronage, I remained a mere teacher at home, with little to encourage my ambition even in that laborious profession, although, in addition to competent classical acquirements, I had made myself master of several languages of the East."

* This person was discontented at home, discontented abroad, and trouble appears to have followed him wherever he went. At New-York, he is scarce landed before he complains bitterly of the price of board, which was twenty-one dollars a week, for himself, his wife, two or three children, and a servant. This he calls "extortion," and rather than submit to it, he rents "unfurnished apart-

Was there no friend and no kind patron there,
Where erudition meets a fostering care,

ments." In the meantime the servant whom he brought from England runs away. "She had been ascertaining the value of a dollar, and how many made a pound; and most probably conceived that she could obtain more elsewhere." The person at whose house he had now taken lodgings was an Englishman, a painter, who "spoke with contempt and bitterness of kings, nobility, priests, and taxes." He was, moreover, "a radical, a gambler, a frequenter of Tammany Hall, and of the lowest society;" so that Mr. Fiddler blushed to think that such a person and himself should entertain similar sentiments.

After abandoning the idea of teaching the Eastern languages in the United States, it was suggested to him that a day-school, with "liberal terms," might answer his expectations. This, however, he was fain to give up, after listening to sundry statements,—to the "anecdote of an Irish classical teacher,"—to the "sad tale of a village schoolmaster,"—to the "story of a stranger and his travels—of his book and his teaching experience,"—to the "case of a young schoolmaster from England," &c. &c. ; and "continued, therefore, to be arranging" his Sanscrit work, and to keep his "ears and conviction open to every source of intelligence from every quarter."

To aid so rare a scholar, and so ripe,
And must he search New-York for Sanscrit type?*

* "Soon after my arrival, I called on an American bookseller, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and requested he would inform me if I might be able to get something in Sanscrit printed. He answered, that even Greek printing, much more Sanscrit, could with difficulty be executed; and that if I would even pay him for importing Sanscrit types into the States, and pay also for warehouse room, he would not take them in. Both they and books in that language would be worse than useless lumber. I had similar conversations with other persons concerning the above statement, and was informed that if I commenced any such work in the States, from any apparent encouragement or from subscriptions of professional men, I might depend upon ruining myself."

Observations in the U. States and Canada.

His journey to Boston is highly amusing and characteristic. All the *literati* of the town underwent an examination in Sanscrit, and came out at the "little end of the horn." The University shrank aghast from him. The self-possession and daring with which he ventured to beard these Boston lions in their den, remind me of

Must genius drooping and neglected lie,
And in the very mart of learning die ?

the man at the Zoological Institute, who goes in to the wild beasts, by way of "extraordinary attraction."

Unable to get a foothold in the States—for the people did not admire his preaching, and did not need his teaching—after *seeing and relieving several beggars in New-York*, he set out for Canada, grumbling and complaining of his hard fortune. There he obtained a situation in some very obscure place of the Upper Province, which elated him very much, and sent him back flushed with joy to his family. "This," said he, "was by far the longest and most delightful excursion I ever made. I had travelled, in less than one month, by means of steamboats and steam-carriages, of coaches and wagons, of ferry-boats and jaunting carts, on horseback and on foot, a distance of almost eighteen hundred miles. All this I had accomplished without one drawback; without more fatigue and weariness than what is necessary to enhance the pleasure of repose; without any loss by pilfering, of which travellers often complain; with hourly increasing intelligence; with recovery of stronger vision, which long and intense study had weakened; with more confirmed health and a higher flow of spirits; with longer cessation of domestic discord and family cares than my life had hitherto allowed me. After all,

Yet, ISAAC FIDDLER, good or ill betide,
Though all are silent, or though all deride,

I had the crowning felicity of returning safe to my family, and of finding even that part of it which was sick at my departure, in renewed health and strength. Flushed with my good fortune, free from sickness and debility, and welcomed by the endearments of my family, I disclosed the issue of my journey. My tale was told in a propitious moment, and imbibed with an approving ear. One only stipulation was proposed and agreed to, that I would resign if required. We packed up the articles we deemed essential, and were on our journey to Canada in a few weeks."

And in Canada he might have remained for ever, had it not been for the dissatisfaction of Mrs. Fiddler, whose attachment to her native country remained unshaken, and who at last "required" him to "resign." He went back soon to England, to his usual avocation of a "mere schoolmaster," and became once more a loyal subject of his king. He turned, however, the bitterness of the disappointment which he had experienced in the States to some account; for giving it vent in his soporific production, he partially defrayed the expenses of the expedition, and proclaimed in black and white to the world—what they were so slow to perceive—that they had maltreated him; and that he, the Rev. Isaac Fiddler, was a man of "more than ordinary acquirements!"

Though the world honour, or the world reject,
 You treat *yourself* with most profound respect !*
 A little voice still whispers—"I excel ;
 "My sweetest fellow ! thou hast done right well."
 But one word more ere we dismiss you here,
 One word of counsel in your ghostly ear.
 If to advise the unlettered may presume,
 Your studies, Sir, I beg you'll re-assume ;
 And ere your Sanscrit volume you indite,
 Pray spend your time in learning how to write.†

* " Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina : verum
 Gaudent scribentes, et æ venerantur, et ultro
 Si taceas, laudant ; quidquid scripsere beati."

Hor. Epist.

† The most casual reader must have observed the excessive flatness of Mr. Fiddler's materials. We open the book at random. Here is one specimen of grammar : " All classes except the highest entertains strong prejudices against his paternal country." Oh ! Mr. Lindley Murray, if there is a copy of your work to spare, here is a needy object. We shall conclude these notices with the mention of a very funny incident which occurred at Thornhill, and which was witnessed by our author. It shall be given in his own words, for the sake of show-

There are, as I have said, who, not content
In books to give their crude conceptions vent,

ing his peculiar knack at telling a story, and how he comes at the pith and marrow of it at once.

“An awkward, but yet laughable, accident took place near Thornhill before I left it, occasioned by the badness of the roads. I have mentioned that the church stood on an elevated rise above a winding valley. The sides of this valley are very steep, and Yonge-street, on the steeper side, ascends the hill in a direct line. Part of the hill has been levelled, but not so as to render the ascent or descent safe or easy. I have no hesitation in saying that the roads in Canada are the greatest drawbacks from rural comfort. This slope, which is remarkably steep, is famous for the many accidents which annually take place. A gentleman who had been in the East India trade, had just arrived from England, with his lady and a numerous family, accompanied by a young gentleman, who was reported as about to be united to the eldest daughter of the East India captain. They had purchased a valuable and well-situated estate near by, and had taken lodgings on the opposite side of the valley to that where the church was erected. Their house also, and farm which they had purchased, were on the same side as the church; and their lodgings were only a temporary residence, till such times as their new

On public topics make their voices known,
And meddle with all business but their own.

mansion could be made ready for receiving them. The Sunday morning on which they first made their appearance at Thornhill church was exceedingly rainy; and they rode in a jaunting cart to the gate. The ascent up the hill for horses in wet weather is not so difficult as the descent; and their journey to the place of worship was attended by no accident. Perhaps, also, the uninterrupted rain which fell during divine service contributed towards making their return more unpleasant than their previous drive. I must here explain further, that the roads in many parts of Canada are composed entirely of earth—of a rich soil, among which no stone or gravel is intermingled. Many farms along Yonge-street, of two hundred acres in extent, have not so much stone on them as would serve to lay the foundation of a house. This is a proof of the fineness of the land, but also of the paucity of materials for making solid and substantial turnpikes. Of such a nature is the road at Thornhill, and the difficulty of descending a steep hill in wet weather may be imagined. The heavy rains had made a complete puddle, which afforded no sure footing for man or beast. In returning from church, the ladies and gentlemen I speak of, had this hill to descend. The jaunting cart being well filled with people, was too heavy

To gaping throngs they *viva voce* shout,
And kindly tell the nation to "look out."
In Chatham's walls, where once, in days of yore,
The drama reign'd supreme, but reigns no more,
Another crowd has late assembled there,
And other tumults rent the heated air.

to be kept back, and pressed hard upon the horses. The intended youthful bridegroom was, I was told, the charioteer. His utmost skill was ineffectually tried to prevent a general overturn. The horses became less manageable every moment. But yet the ladies and gentlemen in the vehicle were unapprehensive of any danger, and their mirth and jocularly betrayed the inward pleasure they derived from his increasing struggles. At last, the horses growing impatient of control, and finding themselves their own masters, jerked the carriage against the parapet of the road, and disengaged themselves from it. The carriage instantly turned over on its side, and as instantly all the ladies and gentlemen trundled out like rolling pins. Nobody was hurt in the least, for the mire was so deep that they fell very *soft*, and were quite imbedded in it. What apologies the gentleman made, I am unable to tell, but the mirth was perfectly suspended. I overtook the party at the bottom of the hill, the ladies walking homeward from the church, and making no very elegant appearance."

Sent by the Ladies of the Scottish nation,
Lo ! THOMPSON lectures on Emancipation.*
Forth on the boards he steps to speak by rote,
And hems three times to clear his foggy throat ;
Surveys the house, then opening wide his mouth,
Tells all the North the sins of all the South.

* *Mr. Thompson* is an abolitionist from beyond the Tweed. The old maids and grandmothers of Edinburgh having paid him for the use of his lungs, dispatched him to the United States to hasten the immediate emancipation of the slaves. He has raved with much unction in our cities ; and if he has not been the means of manumitting a single slave, nor lifted his voice within hundreds of miles from the States where the evil existed, he has at least created some sensation in the land. It is a part of his creed that consequences are to be disregarded.

“Fiat Justitia ruat cœlum.”

When consequences, however, affect himself, few persons are more careful to avoid them.

If his stay in this country is long protracted, we hazard the opinion that he will be summarily dealt with. The appearance of a stranger meddling with our most delicate national questions is something new under the sun, and will not certainly be long borne with.

"The ladies sent me to you, Sirs, attend,

"And hear the message which the ladies send."

At first his manner and his voice are bland,

He bows his head, and graceful waves his hand.

But soon, too soon, forgetting all control,

Eyes—tongue—hands—head—in furious motion
roll,

And many obdurate hearts for Afric's sons condole.

While from without, an Ethiopian crowd,

Drawn by their hero's cries ascending loud,

Pour through the house : no pow'r can force them
back,

Each vacant seat at length is cloth'd in *black*.

While those within are martyrs to their doom,

Wedg'd in their seats they snuff the sweet perfume.

The champion, fir'd by the ebon crew,

Tunes his hoarse voice and nerves his strength
anew.

Up starts the beard upon his face divine,

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

His blood-shot eyes are fiercely cast around,

His teeth he gnashes, and he stamps the ground,

Raves, rants, and shouts; and then at length gives
o'er,

When haply he can rave and rant no more.

"Oh! Jemmy Thompson, Jemmy Thompson, oh!"

Hadst at the South but deign'd thy phiz to show,

Her sons to meddling impudence awake,

Unless they spared you for *the ladies' sake*,

Had giv'n you quick dismissal from their sight,

And *feathers* wherewithal to wing your flight.

But thou hast fled, and giv'n the land relief,

We find no wings are needed for a thief.*

And you, mad pros'lytes! who in reason's face,

(God shield us) would confound the human race;

Oh! pause, before your headlong course be run,

Nor "blend the warring colours into one." †

* That a man is a thief, is a charge which is not to be received upon mere assertion. The proof of it has been before the public, and affidavits produced, which have set the thing in a clear light. As we have never heard any denial of these, and the same audacious front and pestilent doctrines are maintained by the man, it is no breach of charity to echo the charge.

† "*Musings*" of *Flaccus*.

Vain, impious task, which well deserves the rod,
Who sport with nature, sport with "nature's God."
Fear to advance in your fanatic zeal,
Your country's woes, while seeking but her weal.
How my blood boils to view an alien seer
Gain for his rantings one attentive ear.
How long submit, and yield your common sense
To foreign ribaldry and insolence.
Dispense, as ye can well dispense, the aids
So kindly proffered by old Scottish maids ;
And bid them gossip o'er their scalding tea,
Nor vainly legislate for you nor me.
And you, who hold your fellow-men in chains,
And "vilely batten" on your fleshly gains,
Now learn for once (a thing unheard before)
A moral lesson ! from ANACREON MOORE !*

* *Thomas Moore* visited the United States many years since, and indited from thence a poetical Epistle to Lord Viscount Forbes, from which the extracts in the text are taken. It is an easy thing to speak *poetically* on slavery, but a pity is it that he had not rhymed more *charitably*, considering the evil is an entailed one, and entailed

" Oh, Freedom, Freedom ! how I hate thy cant ;

" Not eastern bombast, nor the savage rant

" Of purple madmen, were they numbered all,

" From Roman NERO down to Russian PAUL,

by Great Britain, too, as is well known, and as may be shown from the following authentic source :

" At an early period, and under the authority of British law, slaves were introduced into the American colonies ; in some cases in utter disregard of remonstrances addressed by the people of these colonies to the parliament and the throne. Slavery grew with our growth ; it soon became interwoven with all the interests and habits of society ; and our fathers, at the commencement of the Revolutionary contest, found the evil too deep rooted, extensive, and complicated to admit, in their judgment at that season of peril to their own liberties, of a remedy. They felt that it was an institution at variance with their whole political creed ; that morally wrong in its origin, it could be perpetuated only by the violation of all justice, and in contempt of all charity ; but they consoled themselves by the reflection, that it had been forced upon them ; and that while the removal of it suddenly in that time of general agitation and distress, was impossible, it might be effected, should their independence be secured, during a calm and prosperous state of the public affairs." *Gurley's Life of Ashmun.*

" Could grate upon my ears so mean, so base,
 " As the rank jargon of that factious race,
 " Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
 " Born to be slaves yet struggling to be lords,
 " But pant for license while they spurn control,
 " And shout for rights with rapine in their soul.
 " Who can with patience for a moment see
 " The medley mass of pride and misery,
 " Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
 " Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,
 " And all the piebald polity that reigns,
 " In free confusion on Columbia's plains ;"—
 Aye, who can see, and not remember too,
 Britons first sew'd the evil which we rue ?
 We stamp'd not first our fellow-men as brutes ;
 The seed by others sewn, we reap the fruits.
 The fruits, we grant, are bitter to endure,
 Baffling our skill, can ye effect a cure ?
 But we must quit this subject, and rehearse
 More playful themes adapted to our verse.
 They who presume to light a fiery brand,
 And rave of what they do not understand,

Beneath some galling rod deserve to smart,
 Not such as our poor satire can impart,
 But mightier weapons, more decided blows,—
 Grant them—the least they merit—downright prose.

Turn we from these arch leaders of misrule,
 To writers of the true Trollopian school.
 With these Bœotians we are nearly done,
 Our verse shall end with whom our verse begun.
 Yet let us ask, how long without a cure
 Shall this pest last and tamely we endure?
 For fleshly ills the antidote's at hand,
 What throngs of quacks run puffing through the land.
 With nostrums and panaceas they come,
 And "ROYAL MINERAL SUCCEDANEUM."*

* Some persons may not have forgotten the Messrs. CRAWCOUR, dentists to all the crowned heads in Europe, who came to the United States a few years' since with their precious SUCCEDANEUM. Marvellous must have been the credulity of those who could read their puffing advertisements,—“how long, ye simple ones! will ye love simplicity”—and submit their heads to these miserable tinkers and arrant knaves, and their purses to the most

The healing art they practise and they teach,
 They bleed, they cup, they physic, and they leech.
 If, after all, the tide of life should halt,
 What's that to them?—it is the patient's fault.*
 While BRANDRETH puts a stop to human ills,
 And the sick world grows nauseate with his PILLS,

exorbitant charges for ruining their teeth, and for days and months of torture. At this rate the "sound of the grinders" would soon cease.

These pretenders, however, had their day; and when the hue and cry was at last raised, contrived to abscond *ipso tempore*, carrying away all the character which they brought with them,—(an indivisible particle!) and leaving a load of debt behind them. The officers of justice "pursued after;" but they, having got the advantages of wind, tide, and a ready packet, laughed in their sleeves, and, following the example of "Sawney," very quietly went "bock again."

* The late Dr. Letsem wrote the following:

When invalids to me apply
 I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
 If after that they choose to die,
 What's that to me?
 I Lets 'em.

And all the woes Pandora's box let out,
Consumption, fevers, pleurisy, and gout,
Dyspepsia, whence an hundred evils hang,
Unpitied tooth-ach with its dev'lish twang,
And gaunt diseases with their rabble train,
Hide their diminish'd heads and routed leave the
plain ;

Hygeia, can no deep researches find
A med'cine for the malice of the mind ?
No drug these raving scribblers to restore,
No magic herbs or potent hellebore ?
No "drops ?"—Yes, those which trickle and distil,
Black and denouncing, through the "grey goose
quill."

KEMBLE, thou fair possessor of a name
Bright on the annals of dramatic fame,
Alas ! that genius should descend to pelf,
Or ever prove unworthy of itself.
In her we saw the tragic art revive,
Beheld in her majestic SIDDONS live ;
Confess'd the power of her skill divine,
And laid our willing off'rings at her shrine ;

And when, at last, departing from our view,
Sighed a fond wish and wept a last adieu.

Why, like HORATIUS, when the strife was done
Soiled she the trophies which her genius won ?

Ah ! no : the trial she resolves to brook,

The world's on tiptoe, "FANNY writes a book."*

* "We cannot bring ourselves to believe that the extracts ascribed to Miss Kemble proceed from the pen of that accomplished lady. Extravagance without fancy, coarseness without humour, exaggerated phraseology without talent, are certainly not the qualities which we should expect to see in one who showed herself competent to represent a Juliet or a Portia."

The above is the language of the "London Times," after quoting from an American newspaper one of those "suppressed extracts," which, by the roguery of some printer's devil, found their way to the public long before the real "Journal." Such, indeed, was our own opinion, in which we coincided with many who regarded them from the first as fabrications, until the appearance of the real work put a stop to farther scepticism on the subject. That Miss Kemble was sometimes guilty of doggerel verse, we were aware ; as also the town. For this she might claim forgiveness. In these trifles the most lofty genius is sometimes found engaged. But from the au-

Loud as a trumpet's sound, or herald's note,
The rapid rumour flies from throat to throat.

thor of Francis I. we did look for more than Trollopian coarseness and vulgarity. We were disappointed. After a thousand flourishes to excite expectation, and to prepare for its reception, the work at last appeared, more star-bespangled than the milky way. It is scarcely worth the pains at this late day to criticise that which is infinitely below criticism. The volumes have been already torn to pieces, leaf by leaf, by every one that can wield a pen, until there is little left to say. The "press gang" have been remarkably active, and have taken up the subject *con amore*; so that the fair author may retain without censure her aversion to that worthy class. "Oh! that mine enemy would write me a book." When was a prayer so literally answered? When so glorious a chance to

"Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war."

In all the toryism of Hall, in all the puppyism of Hamilton, in all the vulgarity of Trollope, we must acknowledge there is something substantial; but here we have chaff—chaff—chaff. The principal information derived from the work, is that she "wrote Journal," "laid out dresses for the theatre," "read Dante," and other matters of the like importance. What advantage to the

A volume from her matchless pen is near,
A volume—oh ! the capital idea !

world is it to know that she “ danced herself off her legs,” or “ looked pretty,” or “ cried most bitterly ?”

Those who have looked in the book for a picture of American manners, or for bits of scandal delicately served up, have been disappointed ; there is nothing, in fact, to satisfy the ravenous appetite which has been created. Here we end our remarks ; for the less said at this late period of a work so inconceivably *mediocre*, the better.

Annexed are a few “ elegant extracts,” which have been selected without much searching ; for there is scarcely a page in the celebrated Journal which does not abound in specimens of the same elegant phraseology.

“ First day of the last month of the year. *Go it, old fellow.*”

“ The wind was so powerful we could scarcely *keep our legs.*”

“ Was introduced to all the world and his wife.”

“ Lying over Mr. ——’s corpse, and fumbling for his dagger, I, Juliet, thus apostrophised him. ‘ Why, where the Devil is your dagger, Mr. —— ?’ ”

“ At the end I was so tired, and so overcome with the side-ache, that I lay down on the floor perfectly *done up.*”

“ Dawdle ”—*passim.*

At last the groaning shelves receive the weight ;
 Warm from the teeming press, and rang'd in state,

“Lord! Lord! what fools men and women do make themselves.”

“I don't know how, but my sentences are the *most comicallest* things in the world.”

“As we walked down Market-street through the long ranges of casks, the only creatures stirring except some melancholy night-loving cat, my father said very calmly, ‘How I do wish I had a gimlet.’ ‘What-for?’ ‘What fun it would be to pierce every one of these barrels.’ Came home and to bed. That was a curious fancy of my father's.”

“Scrambled down the rocks, which D—— declined doing, *cause vy?* she'd have had to climb up again.”

“I am weary and sad, and will try and go to sleep. It rains. I cannot see the moon.”

“Read that glorious hymn to the sea in Childe Harold. Mercy! how fine it is.”

“After dinner practised till tea time, finished Journal, discussed metaphysics with D——, *for which I am a fool*; wrote to day's Journal, and now to bed. I have a dreadful cold and a cough, and have done nothing but hack and snivel the whole day long. This is a bad preparation for to-morrow's work. *However.*”

“Went to the riding-school to try some horses. *Merci*

Enrob'd in blue the ready Journal lies ;
The "million" wander with devouring eyes,

de moi! what quadrupeds! How they did wallop and shamble about; poor, half-broken, dumb brutes, they know no better; and as the natives here are quite satisfied with their shuffling, rollicking, mongrel pace, half-trot, half-canter, why it is not worth while to break horses in a christian-like fashion for them."

"How I wished I was a caterpillar under a green gooseberry bush."

"Mr. ———, who had been merely stunned, seized on the milk and honey, and *stuffed away with great zeal.*"

"I only ached a little, so, seeing it was no worse, we *thanked God and devoured.*"

"Came down, and began getting books for my German lesson, but turning rather *awful*, left my learning on the floor."

"My dear father, who was a little elated, made me sing to him, which I greatly *gulped at.*"

"To say nothing of those *cantankerous* stinging things, the mosquitoes."

"————— to bed to sleep,

To sleep, perchance to be bitten—aye there's the scratch.
And in that sleep of ours what bugs may come
Must give us pause."

"Lay down on the floor in absolute *meltiness away*,
and then came to bed."

Through ranks of stars which yield no heav'nly ray,
And feast their vision on its milky way.

"The worthy man to whom I went for my shoes, was so amazingly ungracious that at first I thought I would go out of the shop; but recollecting that I would probably only go farther and fare worse, I *gulped*, sat down and was measured."

"Away walloped the four horses, trotting with their front and galloping with their hind feet; and away we went after them, bumping, thumping, jumping, jolting, shaking, tossing, tumbling over the *wickedest road*, I do think, the *cruellest, hard-heartedest road* that ever wheel rumbled upon."

"*My cough's enough to kill a horse* ——."

"Heaven bless the world for a conglomerated amalgamation of fools ——."

"It poured cats and dogs, and the streets were all gray pudding."

"Sat stitching and pottering an infinity."

"While we were at supper, my father showed me a note he had received from ——, which *struck me all of a heap*."

"Received a copy of verses, which are *not so bad neither*."

"'What is your name?' said I to the black who was waiting upon us. 'Horatius,' was the reply; which *sent me and D—— into fits*."

Some, musing doubtful o'er the parts "suppressed,"
Surmise if those be better than the rest ;

"My horse had been ridden by somebody or other, and was mighty disagreeable."

"At six o'clock D—— roused me, and grumpily enough I arose. I dressed myself by candle-light in a hurry. Really, by way of a party of pleasure, 'tis too abominable to get up in the middle of the night this fashion ——."

"He was exceedingly old and *dauldrummish*. I think he was a little '*how com'd you so indeed.*' He sat very near me, spoke exceedingly drowsily, and talked an annoying quantity of thickish philosophy, and *moral and sentimental potter.*"

"By the bye, we had a race coming down the Raritan with the Union steam-boat. The Water Witch *beat her hollow.*"

"Mr. —— called. I was glad to see him. Poor man! How we did *reel him off his legs to be sure.* What fun it was! ——."

"The first visit is an awkward thing, and *nothing that isn't thorough bred,* ever does it quite well."

"Venus threw a silver column down the sea, like the younger sister of the moon's reflection. By the bye, I saw to-day an American sunset. The glorious god strode down heaven's hill without a cloud to dim his

Some quick to Walker, Sheridan, repair,
 And seek to solve her unknown jargon there ;
 While those who bawl'd with lusty voice "encore,"
 Now wag their sapient heads, and cry "no more."

downward path ; as his golden disk touched the panting sea, I turned my head away, and in less than a minute he had fallen beneath the horizon ; leapt down into the warm waves, and left one glow of amber round half the sky ; upon whose verge, where the violet curtain of twilight came spreading down to meet its golden fringe,

' The maiden with white fire laden
 Whom mortals call the moon,'

stood with her silver lamp in her hand, and misty robes casting their wan lustre faintly around her. Oh me, how glorious it was !"

"The lightnings played without the intermission of a second. The night was pitchy dark, too ; so that, between each of these ghastly smiles of the Devil," &c.

"God's music rolled along the heavens ; the wind clapped its huge wings and swept through the dazzling glare ; as I stood listening to the huge thunder as its voice resounded and its heavy feet rebounded along the clouds, I felt," &c.

Since truth must out, in vain the truth we fly,
We "can't be silent" and we "will not lie."
When known Initials meet the public gaze,
And FANNY'S pointless chatter sues for praise,
The rising voice of censure wherefore hush?
For cheeks no longer conscious of a blush.
"Oh! what a fall, my countrymen," is here,
She who could startle the reluctant tear,
Break up the fount of feeling by her art,
"Refine the genius and exalt the heart;"
See, she descends, she leaves the exalted throne,
Which all the world conspir'd to call her own;
While those who gazed before with wond'ring eyes,
Behold her now to pity—or despise.
Oh, book of books! there all the world may find
In every page the mirror of her mind.
Whether she "gulp'd," or if from "gulping" free,
She "stitch'd and potted an infinity;"
Or read a Canto in her favourite Dante,
Or walk'd upon the Battery with her aunty;
Thrumm'd on the keys for some tall handsome lover,
Or "stitched," with pious zeal, her "Bible cover;"

Or comb'd her own, or curly lap-dog's head,
Or dress'd for Juliet or undress'd for bed ;
All, all domestic matters we are taught,
What shawls she bartered and what ribbons bought.
Alas ! it had been better on our soul,
Instead of part, to have "suppress'd" the whole.

There still are others of the smaller fry,
A thousand others, but we pass them by.
We meet them in some form where'er we look,
A sickly stanza or a swollen book.
But deeming such scarce worthy of our mark,
We do commend them to MACDONALD CLARK.*
The genuine sportsman in pursuit of prey,
Seeks not each chirper rustling on the spray,
Nor thunders loud and darkens all the sky,
To wing a robin or a butterfly.

* *Macdonald Clark* is a person of some notoriety in New-York, and is styled the "Mad Poet." He writes much poetry in what may be termed the Bonfanti measure, and lectures occasionally on "Love and Marriage." A volume of "Poems," lately put forth under his name fully justifies his claims to the title of "mad."

They flit across his path—he heeds them not ;
The larger game alone are worth the shot.
With you, ye coxcombs ! who infest the town,
Who strive and struggle for a short renown,
Ye little flutterers, we have nought to do ;
Though many write, we notice but a few.
Then vent your futile rage, your angry froth,
And writhe and twist, and spit your venom forth.
This kind advice to you who fill the rear,
This kind advice we whisper in your ear :
Scrawl while ye can—and ye who cannot scrawl,
Like sons of thunder, shout in TAMMANY HALL ;*

* *Tammany Hall.* A well-known place of rendezvous for foreign Atheists, free inquirers, blackguards, et id omne genus. Whoever wishes to estimate the character of their assemblies may drop in on a Sunday evening, and he will find a class of men whose very appearance will bring to mind the worst days of the French Revolution, listening with breathless attention to the most horrid blasphemies. Some time since, a gentleman, while attempting in a becoming manner to avow his sentiments, exercising that right of free discussion by which they assemble and of which they boast, was assaulted brutally by these barbarians, and narrowly escaped injury. An

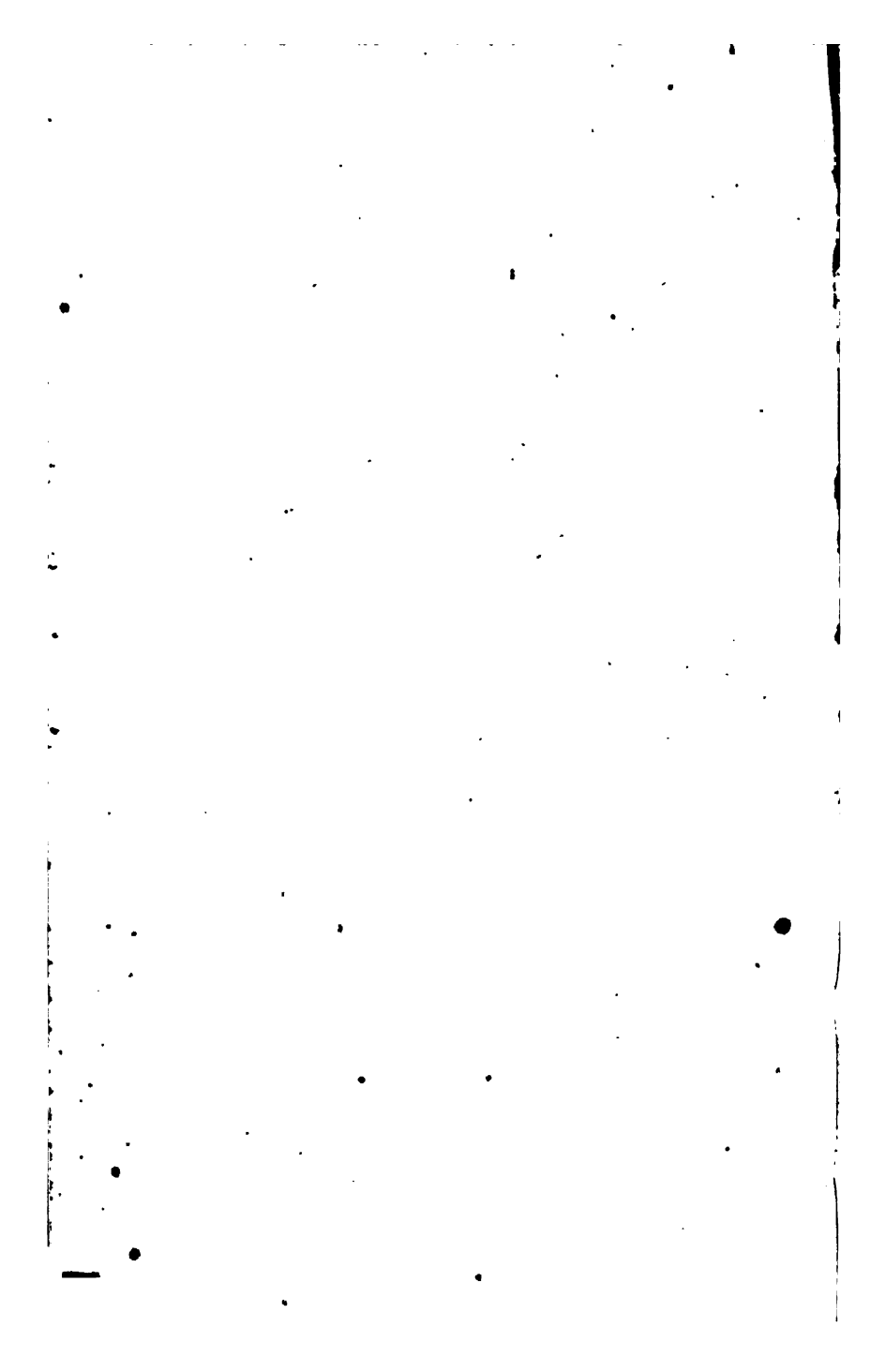
And when ye've said—not much—and can't say
more,

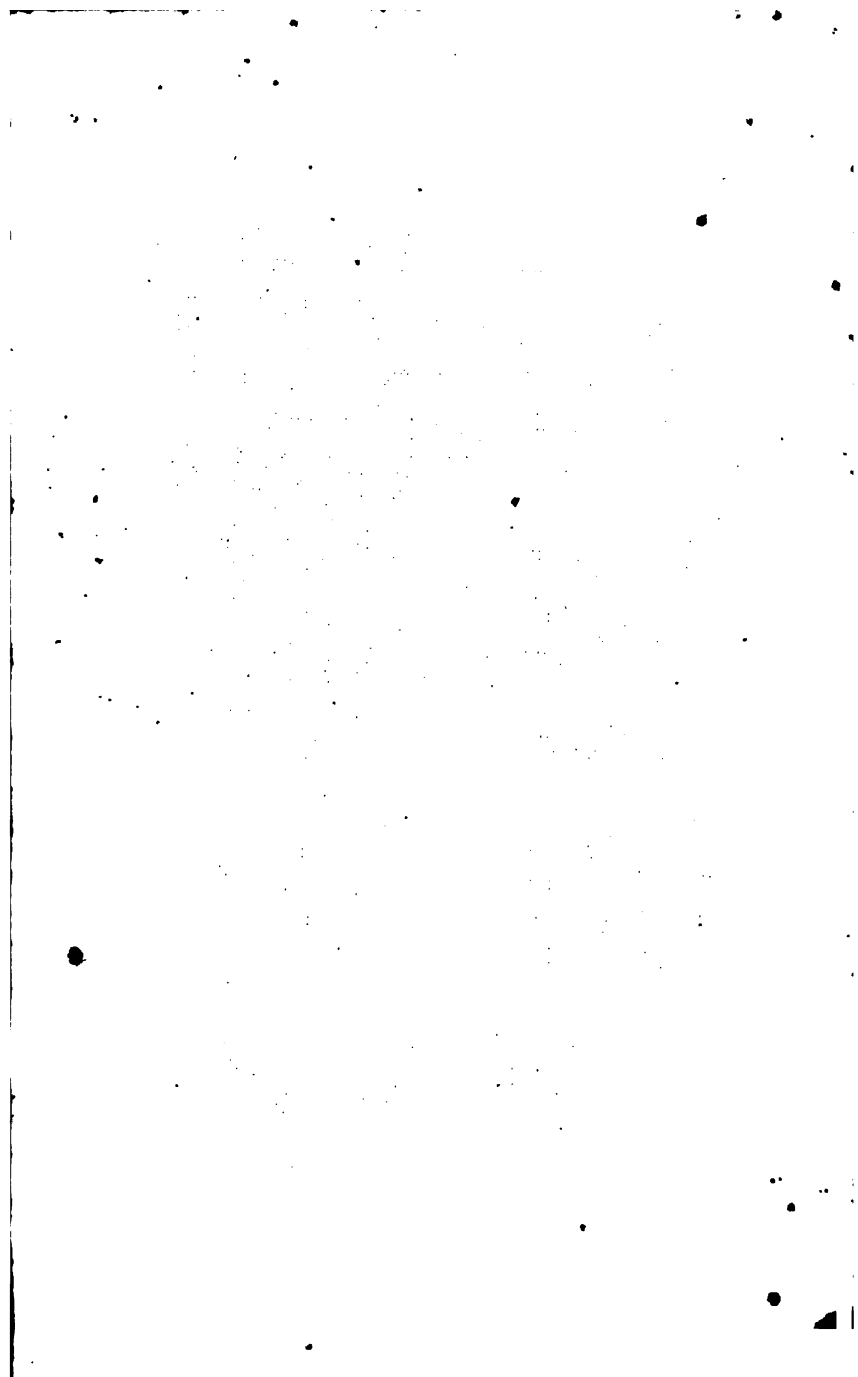
Pray be so kind as just to shut the door.

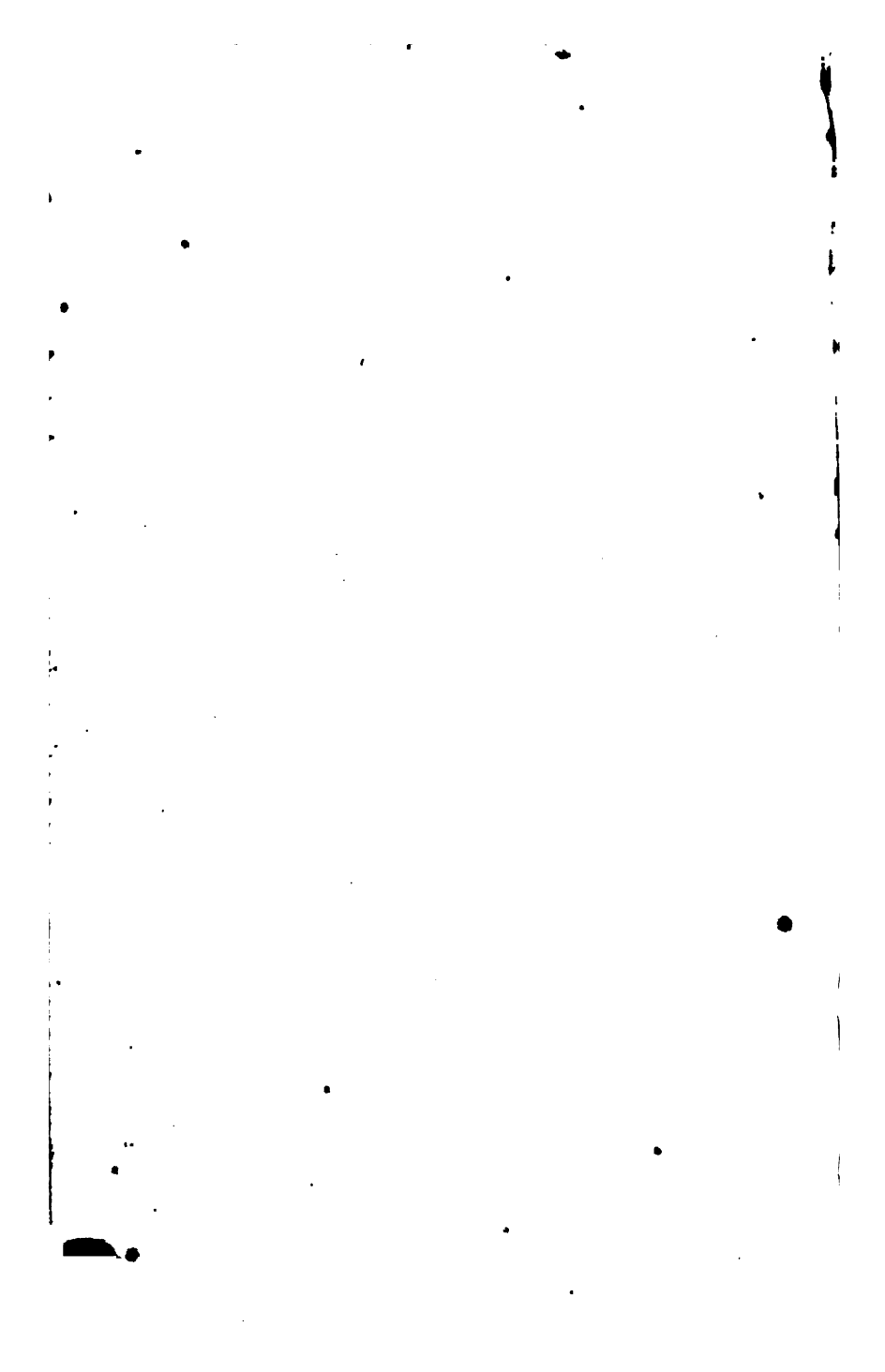
account of this transaction was published at the time in the daily prints. It somewhat aggravates the case when we consider that these men, who insult our citizens and laws, are mostly foreigners ; in fact this remark is applicable to one half the ripters in the country. Let Great Britain reflect then, ere she sends forth more swarms of her vulgar Trollopes to sell bonnets and lecture on the domestic manners of the Americans, that the most degraded portion of our population is from her own dominions. Let us be free from the multifarious vagrants whom she sends yearly upon us, from her brawlers on Atheism and Abolition, from her bailiff-hunted, itinerant book-makers, who talk with such a gusto of good society, and our native citizens are sufficiently respectable to take care of themselves.

THE END.

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The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. This not only helps in tracking expenses but also ensures compliance with tax regulations.

In the second section, the author outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data. These include direct observation, interviews, and the use of specialized software tools. Each method has its own strengths and limitations, and the choice of which to use depends on the specific requirements of the study.

The third section provides a detailed overview of the results obtained from the data analysis. It highlights several key findings that have significant implications for the field. For example, the study found that there is a strong correlation between the variables being measured, which was not previously established.

Finally, the document concludes with a series of recommendations for future research. It suggests that further studies should be conducted to explore the underlying causes of the observed trends and to test the findings in different contexts. The author also notes that the current study has some limitations, and these should be taken into account when interpreting the results.